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SECRETARY ROOT AND THE WAR DEPARTMENT

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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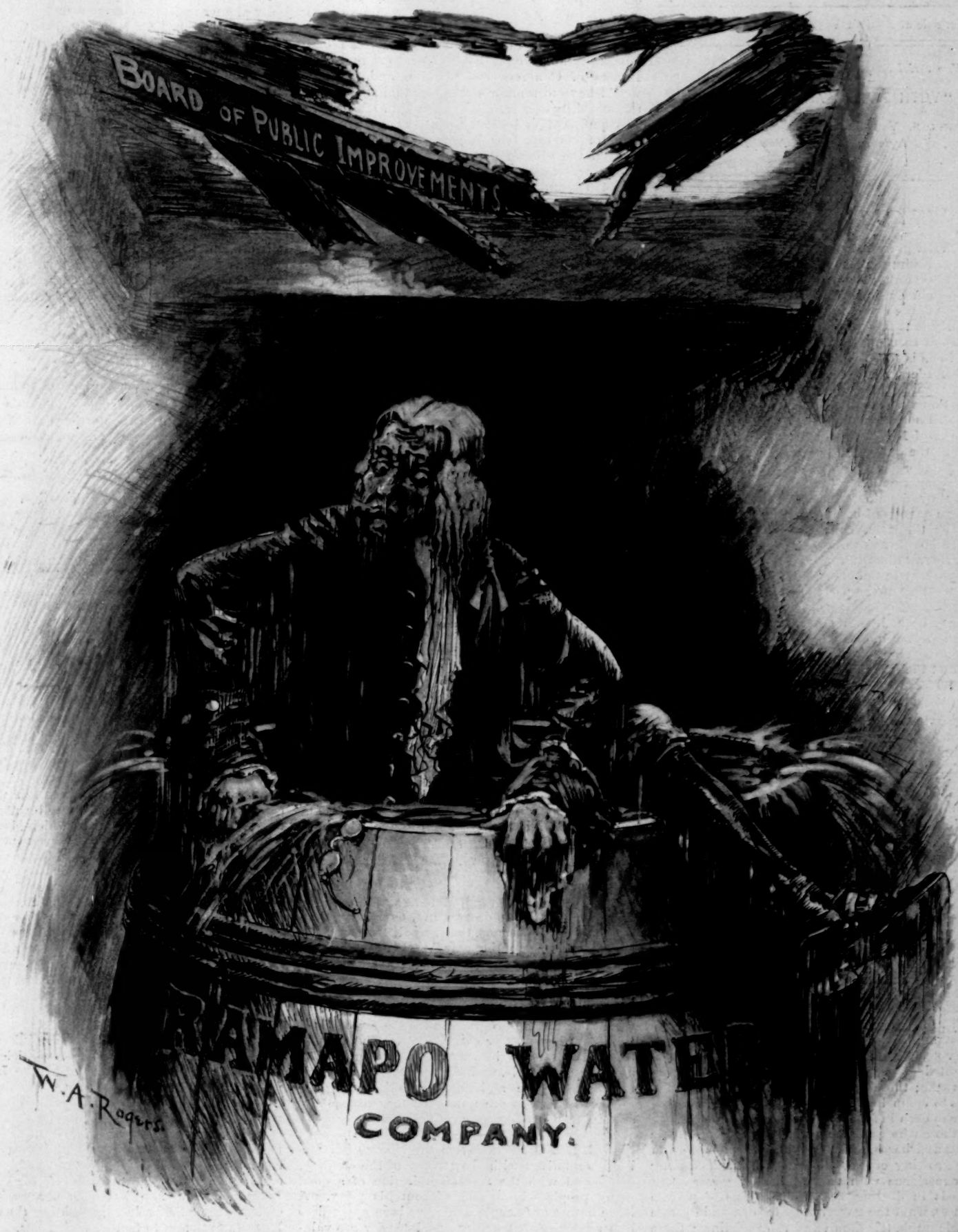

LETTING HIM IN ON THE GROUND-FLOOR.

AFTER THIS FATHER KNICKERBOCKER MAY BE WARY ABOUT TRUSTING IN ROTTEN BOARDS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899

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"WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX,"

by EDWIN S. VAN ZILE, *with Illustrations by* A. I. KELLER, *will begin in the Next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Bryan and "Other Issues"

THE great interest which is manifested by leading Democrats as to Mr. BRYAN'S present views on the silver question is chiefly important as showing a strong desire on the part of many members of the party that the contest for the Presidency next year shall turn on some other issue. What that other issue is to be is somewhat doubtful. Some of the leaders think it ought to be trusts, while others regard expansion as the momentous question. Some of the Democrats who hope that the party will not repeat the declaration of the Chicago platform of 1896 in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 then supported Mr. BRYAN and remain in the party even under the narrow construction sought to be given to party loyalty by Senator TILLMAN. Others who are urging a change of base have been read out of the party by the strict constructionists because they opposed Mr. BRYAN three years ago.

Mr. BRYAN himself appears to be desirous of going some way in the path that leads to the harmonious meeting of the party elements. But he finds it difficult. The moment he suggests that other issues may be at least temporarily more important than the silver question he recalls the stern and unrelenting character of his own former declarations and the strength of the silver vote. Thereupon he assures his friends and followers once more that he will never abandon their silver issue. So he staggers between his desire to win new friends and his hope to keep those he has. But the country is not to be deceived, or even mystified.

Mr. BRYAN is the leader of the forces of discontent. He believes that silver ought to be coined free at the ratio of 16 to 1, for the same reason that he would advocate, should the time ever come, the printing of an indefinite amount of paper money. Indeed, there is hardly any room to doubt that he would prefer the paper money to coin of any kind. He is the representative of those who want cheap money—that is, money which inevitably means high prices for everything but labor. It is perfectly true that among Mr. BRYAN'S followers are men who are justly discontented, who have been oppressed by exacting creditors, and who have suffered from hard and unscientific economic and industrial conditions. There are others who follow him, because they are Democrats, without believing in what was, three years ago, the principal plank in his platform. But in addition to all the honest and all the honestly misguided men who have voted for him and will vote for him are the discontented—those who want to agitate for agitation's sake; those who want the law of the United States to compel employers to pay them more than they can earn in fair obedience to the laws of industry; those who want the government to build their houses and barns, and to advance them money on their growing crops; those who, notwithstanding our experience with the crudity of government methods in dealing with the subjects of private business, want the government to own and operate the telegraph, telephone, and railroad lines; those who would enact statutes for harassing the exceptional individual, and for limiting the range of his faculties within the horizon which bounds the efforts of the least capable. To these dreamers and socialists must be added all the enemies of sound currency—those who hate banks because they are banks; those who believe that that which makes for the good of capital does not also make for the good of those who borrow and employ capital; those who have lost more than they ever owned in speculation and want to pay fifty cents on a dollar without frankly going into bankruptcy; those who are not insolvent and want to attain the same object because of their inherent dishonesty; those who want to cheat the public creditor; and generally those who want to turn existing society upside down in the hope that in the scramble they will make more than they have been able to make by their own industry.

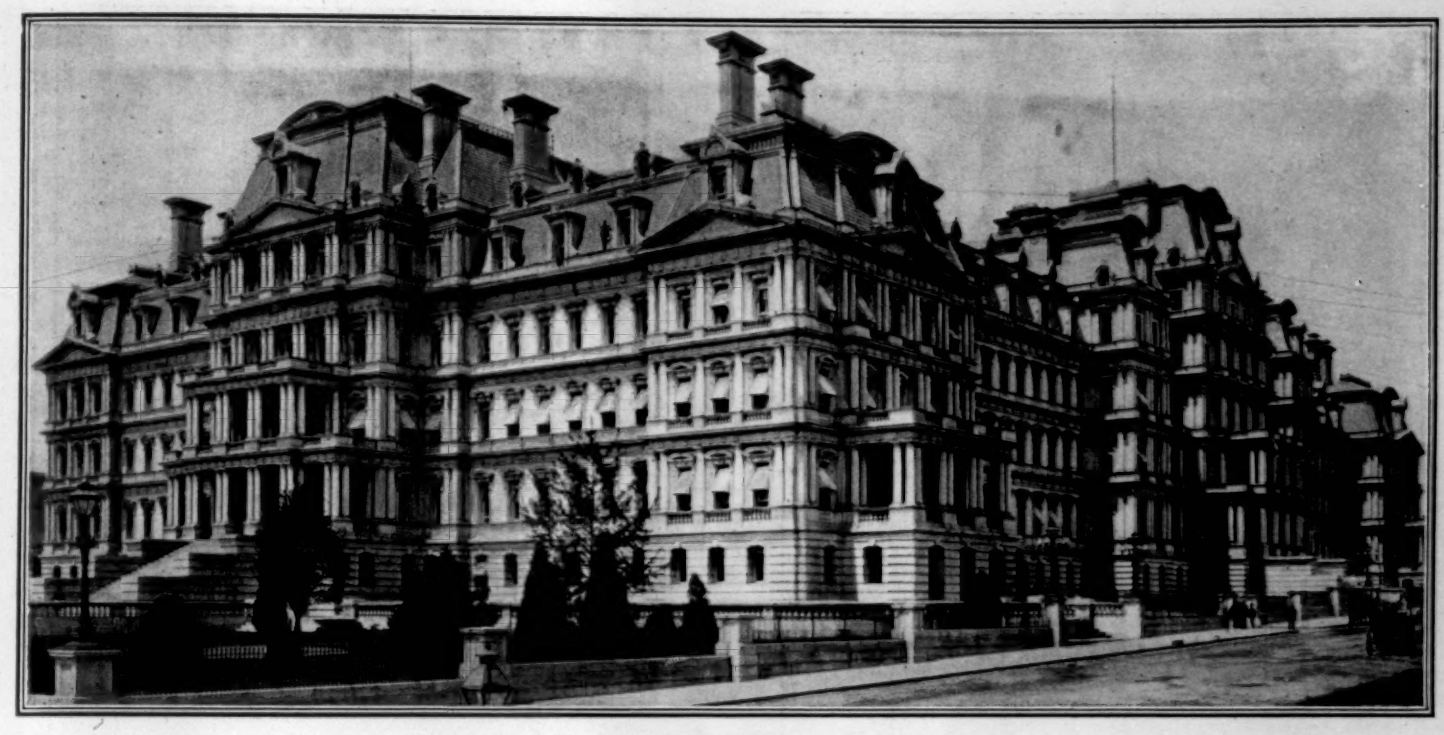
These are all included in the 16-to-1 issue. It does not express simply the foolish notion that the government can make silver twice as valuable as it is by simply saying so. It means a rearrangement of society on a basis which would seek to enhance the market-price of incapacity. It is true that Mr. BRYAN, in order to carry out his social reorganization, would be obliged to have both Houses of Congress behind him, and, besides, would have to remain of the same mind after the responsibility of office rested upon him. We make this qualification because we are well aware that some of his best friends have sought support for him on the ground that he will not be so mad after election as his tongue has sounded before.

Notwithstanding the fact, however, that Mr. BRYAN cannot do much without Congress, the question which will involuntarily present itself to the country is going to be not what will he do, but what does he stand for, and what effect will his mere triumph have upon the credit of the government? Now Mr. BRYAN was essentially the product of bad times. He received the six million votes of which he boasts because he was the candidate of, among others, the bankrupt, the unfortunate, and the unemployed. The country has become immensely prosperous since Mr. BRYAN had his day. Its farmers are not now complaining of small crops and low prices. They have never had so prosperous a time as that which has followed the opening of the year 1897. Mortgages have been paid off and homesteads are freed from debt. Trade has revived. Exports have enormously increased. Factories are busy. The internal taxes are paid without grumbling. Speaking generally, the unemployed are those who, like Mr. Dooley's "Cubian," rejoice only when they "lose their job." It is a bad time for BRYAN and Bryanism, and next year promises to be no better. Moreover, in view of the amount of our sales abroad, it is an especially unfortunate time to ask us to go to a monetary basis which differs from that of the principal countries with which we deal.

If Mr. BRYAN shall be nominated by the Democrats—and there is no very good reason at present to suppose that he will not be—it will not matter what his platform may be. He will stand for all the follies we have named, and his election would be disastrous to the national credit. Probably this may be said of any leading Democrat who remained loyal to his party after its capture by the silverites and socialists in 1896. But it is especially true of Mr. BRYAN. He will be as much his own platform as Mr. CLEVELAND was his own in the campaigns of 1888 and 1892. He was written into the platform, and he has not changed. Even if the platform of next year should declare for the gold standard, men who really believe in the gold standard, and hold the issue paramount, would certainly vote against Mr. BRYAN, because they would hold the assertion of his platform to be a fraud and an attempt to swindle. Even if Mr. BRYAN himself may finally be induced to declare, in the superfine language of the politicians, that he will "relegate the free-silver issue to the rear," that will not avail him. He and his party cannot escape their dilemma, try as hard as they may, and it will require so much retraction on their part, and if they even obscure the silver issue, such a radical departure from their present programme for the nomination, that they would better cease to try. Their efforts to win confidence in BRYAN on "other issues" are absurdly feeble, and simply serve to distress unnecessarily the real silver men, including the mine-owners, who are now the bone, muscle, and sustaining pecuniary grace of their party.

MR. REED resigns from the House of Representatives with the respect of the country, and with the warm admiration of a good many people within and without his party. A large number of people who have been opposed to him recognize that ability and integrity are valuable to the country even in a political opponent, and it is known by all who are familiar with his career that Mr. REED has not only been able and honest, but has also been devoted to the public welfare. Moreover, he has not only been one of the most important, but one of the most interesting, figures in contemporary politics. He has not enjoyed the greatest opportunity, but he has had the next to it, and has greatly taken advantage of it. He found the House of Representatives actually incapable of transacting business—a not wholly undesirable state of things—and he set himself to revolutionizing legislative rules and methods. He succeeded not only in giving the party leaders, himself, and his committee chairmen the power to control and to force the transaction of public business, but he made a real and lasting change. The men who opposed his first rules will never go back to the old system. The minority will never again be clothed with the obstructive power which had been developed under the leadership of Mr. BLAINE and Mr. RANDALL, until it had grown to constitute an intolerable tyranny of which the majority always and the country sometimes were the victims. Mr. REED'S methods marked the beginning of an epoch in the history of American legislation. This is to have accomplished much. Mr. REED was the keenest of party leaders when he was at the head of the Republicans on the floor, but of late years he has been supposed to be disinclined to the high-tariff policy of the President, although he made both Mr. MCKINLEY and Mr. DINGLEY chairmen of the Ways and Means Committee, and favored the enactment of the laws which have borne their names. Mr. REED is a protectionist. He is also a sound-money man. His chief opposition to the President is said to be as to the policy of expansion, and how far it goes it is difficult to tell. But, as we have said, whatever may be his views on living issues, his departure from public life is that of a strong, resourceful, honorable man, whose loss is to be deeply deplored by the whole country.

NEW YORK has again given the country and the world an illustration of the depravity of its municipal government. The Ramapo Water Company is a private corporation, owning apparently nothing but some options to land in several water-sheds in the northern Hudson River counties. It was owned and officered by some prominent Republican politicians. SILAS B. DUTCHER is its president. General BENJAMIN F. TRACY, Mr. PLATT'S recent candidate for Mayor, was once its president and attorney. Mr. EDWARD LAUTERBACH is now its attorney. An attempt has been made to show that General TRACY, one of the Greater New York charter members, slipped into that instrument the provision under which a contract with the city was prepared, but it turns out, from the convincing opinion of ex-Judge DILLON, also a charter-maker, that the contract is not only void, but that the provision in question was not a grant of power to make a contract for water, but really a limitation upon the power of the Commissioner of Water-Supply. The Tammany horde that rule the city conspired to enter into a contract with the company. The whole policy prescribed by the charter is that the city shall own its water-supply, and the necessary works, reservoirs, aqueducts, etc. The proposed contract was not only a departure from this policy, but it was a corrupt bargain presumably for a consideration by means of which this waterless company of politicians was to sell water at an exorbitant price to the city, which is at the mercy of the Tammany gang. The contract would have been the greatest bonanza of our times, for in the end it would have put $200,000,000 into the pockets of the water company, and would have cost the city this sum and about $20,000,000 besides. The scheme was worked up after the usual fashion, and the Board of Public Improvements was thought to be secure, the conspirators having concluded that neither the Mayor nor the Comptroller had a veto power. They were mistaken, however, or at least are mistaken thus far, in supposing a veto power absolutely necessary. Comptroller COLER denounced the deal as an "infamous steal," and public opinion was at once so aroused that the accused politicians have been silent, while the Board of Public Improvements divided and dared not act. CROKER seems to be in hiding, while COLER appears to be in earnest and full of fight. It may be that he will cause an exposure that will seriously damage both machines. Besides, there seems to be some good coming from consolidation, for the Brooklyn Democrats are angry at CROKER for interfering with their Long Island water-works steal, and are supporting COLER, one of themselves, in fighting the CROKER-HOLOHAN attempt to feather their nests. There is the old adage which we all remember, but which may be unjust if applied to COLER; at any rate, he is deserving well of his countrymen now.



THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS BUILDING.
At the Corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street, Washington, D. C.

SECRETARY-OF-WAR ROOT AND HIS TASK

THE War Department is that whose work is of the most importance at this moment, and Mr. Root, the new Secretary, is necessarily the busiest man of the cabinet not only because he is new to the office, but because the work of his office is exacting and would tax the energies and abilities of the most experienced of war ministers. He is charged with much more than the administration of the ordinary business of the military establishment, for he is really at the head of the civil governments of Cuba and, until Congress acts, of Puerto Rico. It was not only, then, because of a desire to learn something of the impression made upon him by the army organization as it is seen at Washington, but because I thought it important to discover what kind of administration of the new possessions the country is to expect from him, that I have made a visit to Mr. Root in Washington.

I found Mr. Root, as may be expected, in the toils of arduous work. He was studying his place, bringing to it the energy and intelligent concentration and thoroughness which, as lawyers know, have marked his career at the bar. Behind him on the sofa was a large map of the island of Luzon, on which, with flags, were marked the posts captured and held by the forces of General Otis. It appeared to me a small showing for all the fighting that has been done and all the sacrifices that have been made since last February, but Mr. Root said that these places were the important places of the island, and that their *enceinte* would include its most important territory. The rest, he thought, was of easy capture, for he agrees with Mr. McKinley that the end of the war is not far off. To one whose sources of information are the newspaper reports from Manila, the strong abiding faith of the administration that the war is about over is a great mystery. The news of the breaking out of the rebellion in other islands has had no apparent effect upon it. It remains a fixed quantity. It seems to come from Secretary Hay, but how the means and stay of this confidence are brought to him, through what strange agencies and from what hidden Oriental sources they flow, only Mr. Hay knows, unless he has imparted his knowledge to his commensals of the long table in the cabinet-room. At any rate, there is the firm conviction that the war will be over in a few months. Why, then, this show of force? Mr. Root's reply to this question is that it is not wise to take chances. He does not say that one of the reasons why the forces of Aguinaldo will go to pieces and Aguinaldo himself surrender is to be this very display of force. He says that the war is coming to an end, but that he is now sending ten new regiments to the Philippines, and raising ten others to send, if they are ever needed, in order that there may be no doubt about the result.

HON. ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF WAR.
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CHANGING ARMIES

He recognizes the fact that General Otis is changing armies. This is really the process which is going on, and the exchange is being made, it seems to most of us, in the face of an intelligent and active enemy. It is interesting to note this fact, and it is comforting to those who, whatever may be their belief as to expansion, do not wish disaster to visit our arms, that the new troops are excellent material, that the commanding officers of the new regiments and many of their line-officers are men of capacity, and that their men go out as good soldiers as can be manufactured in a few weeks out of civilians. Drills in the new commands are wellnigh constant, and the Secretary believes, from what he has learned from competent officers, that from their very first landing in Manila these new troops will at least release every veteran in the Philippines from garrison duty for service in the field. This alone will be of enormous value, as every one knows who has read the accounts and criticisms of the campaigns, and of the drawbacks and injuries resulting from the lack of a sufficient number of men both to fight and to garrison the captured points.

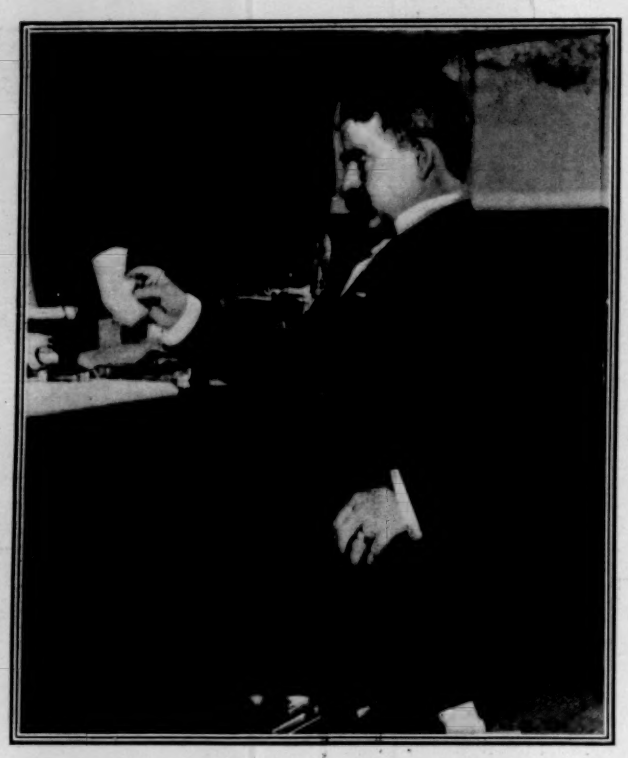
It is doubtless an unpleasant discovery to most Secretaries who have had to deal with large affairs, who have known and directed the methods of finely and thoroughly organized private corporations, that a cabinet officer is practically at the head of a defective machine, and that he is constantly called upon to put his own hand upon its various levers and brakes for the purpose of running it, either to promote its efficiency or to make it work the wishes of the politicians at whose mercy he and his department are. Mr. Root, as I have said, is studying his place, and, in order to study it, he is going into details which he hopes to be able to dismiss in the near future. He certainly ought to be able to do so, and if he persists in his present inclination he will succeed. His only obstacle will be the Congressman who will insist upon trying to persuade the Secretary to compel some subordinate to do something that he probably ought not to do for "that man of mine." This sort of thing involves, of course, the constant interference of the Secretary with the details of the office, most of them of the smallest, and consequently prevents his giving his whole attention to the really important problems which come before him, the gravity of which has been enormously increased since the war has thrown upon us the duty of governing foreign peoples, for, as we shall see further on, it is upon Mr. Root that this task will devolve. But whatever of abundant time for the larger occupations of his office the future may have in store for him, the Secretary is now deep in small details. He is studying every branch of the service of which he suddenly finds himself the head, the needs of every expedition that is setting forth for the East, and of every unit of the military organization that is being created for war services abroad. As a matter of course, he has had to make himself familiar with the items of his appropriations. He has immense sums allotted to him, some of them itemized with a curious and hampering minuteness, and some of them as indefinite as if Congress, in enacting them, either were too lazy to be particular or were devising a method by means of which the executive officer might have an opportunity to exercise some of the power most of which the legislative branch of the government has succeeded in taking away from him. When I was calling upon him, Mr. Root was also studying his supply of transports, their value and capacity, and their present condition and location. It is certainly making the new man's task as difficult as possible if you set him at work to organize new governments and then make him spend his time at learning how the most minute wheel in the complicated domestic system ought to be run, but that is what the new Secretary of War is at work at, and he has shouldered his task with seriousness, and evidently with a profound conviction that he must be the mind and soul of the War Department.

THE MOTIVE POWER BEHIND THE MACHINE

Mr. Root is a practical man, and he is not wasting time. He accepts as his first duty the work of putting an end to the war in the Philippines, and he finds that, in order to accomplish this labor, he must set the machinery of his department going with a rapidity to which it has been unaccustomed. To use his own phrase, he is putting motive power behind the old organization, and he is teaching old officers and an old system the value of time to the mind of a man whose life has been devoted to the accomplishment of important objects. Therefore he must know details, for he must know the point at which to apply his motive power.

The country is tremendously interested in Mr. Root's work, and that interest ought to embrace the man who is doing the work. It doubtless will if the Secretary remains interested and earnest, for popular interest is inevitably excited in any one who is intensely engaged in a popular work. He admits that he is finding many difficulties, due to old fashions, old prejudices, old jealousies, an old system—a system which, I fancy, he may come to wish radically reformed—and he probably expects other and even more serious difficulties when Congress meets, with its begging members and its brokers in patronage. It is fair to Mr. Root to say that it is not he who is here talking thus of Congressmen. Nevertheless, he must know somewhat of the raids upon his time that may be expected.

His first task was to hurry out the new regiments to Manila, and he has certainly put a deal of motive power



ASS'T-SECRETARY-OF-WAR GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN.

GENERAL GREELY, CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER.

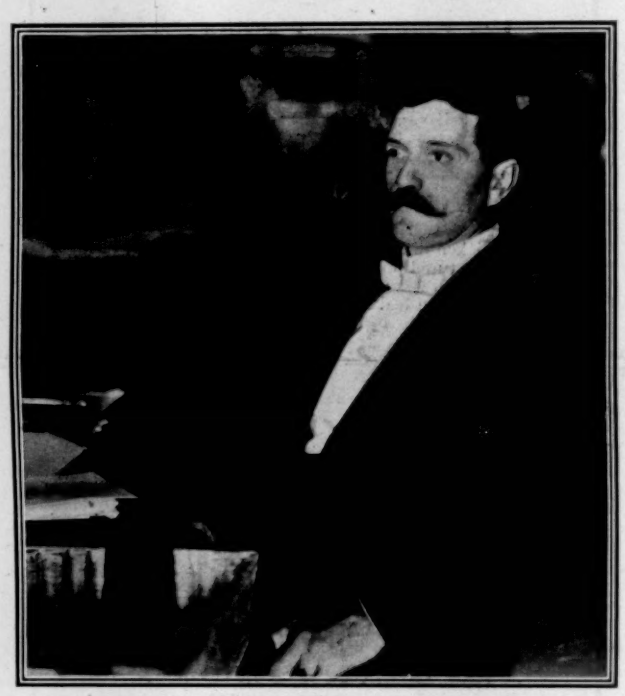
behind the quartermaster's department. He has also stirred up a good deal of unwonted activity among the department and regimental commanders, and his influence has not been unfelt in the office of the Adjutant-General—although it would be obviously unfair to suggest that General Corbin is not sufficiently active. The Adjutant-General's office was so active during the war with Spain that it was not always accurate or thorough, and on more than one occasion was self-contradictory. Among the reasons for this was the operation of our curious staff system, which, by the almost automatic working of its "pull," goes to pieces whenever the line becomes more enticing than the staff. Thus the Adjutant-General's bureau, like other staff bureaus, lost some of its old officers, who went into the field at the outbreak of the war, and the new assistants were strangely incapable, in view of the fact that the army was facing an emergency the like of which, as the country had been given to understand, was exactly what the existing staff had been organized to meet. This is a digression, and, besides, the character of the Adjutant-General's office is a subject for a long chapter by itself.

The Secretary's next task was the appointment of officers for the ten new regiments, and the manner in which he set about it and completed it was as good a bit of administration as we have had from a Federal officer for many a year.

THE SELECTION OF OFFICERS FOR THE NEW REGIMENTS

It is to be hoped and expected that the same spirit will be manifested in dealing with the civil affairs of Cuba. The colonels and lieutenant-colonels were chosen on their efficiency records. It is to be regretted that all the officers cannot be thus chosen from the deserving officers of the regular army, and if civilians are necessary, that they are not made to begin at the bottom of the ladder. The principal field-officers were not suggested either by politicians or by bureau chiefs. The once free flow of commissions to unfit persons through the Adjutant-General's office, from some source or other, is doubtless stopped, and it is to be hoped that it has gone into history, although it should be embalmed there as a warning of evil times and wicked practices by thorough and honest investigation. General Miles was first consulted, and he had an opportunity to make himself the trusted adviser of the Secretary of War. It is to be understood that I am not now quoting or abstracting Mr. Root's opinion. I learned from sources quite independent of him, and from one authority which has been most friendly to General Miles, that the recommendations made by the major-general in command of the army were of the most impossible character, and that they prove that the Secretary of War cannot depend upon General Miles for disinterested or sound advice. The fundamental difficulty with this sometime distinguished officer is that he has no interests at heart except his own—those of the country or the army not appealing to him unless they square with his own ambitions or his own vindictiveness. This is extremely unfortunate for the army, for, General Miles eliminated, the line has no friend at Washington near the Secretary of War in the constant conflict of interests between it and the staff.

Secretary Root applied to the general officers in the field, and to those who had been in the field; and on their recommendations, based, as he requested, on efficiency, the new colonels and lieutenant-colonels were named. They were not named until the call for the additional troops was issued, and the result was that the politicians and "influential" citizens, who are always ready to name army officers, from generals down to corporals, were cut out of an opportunity. One or two batches of them, indeed, anticipated the administration's action, and "united" in "urging" the appointment of great commanders whom they had discovered—probably in primaries and conventions. These telegrams, fortunately, made no impression. They came too late, and I think that their insincerity and the utter indifference of their signers to the needs of the Secretary and the army, and to the good of the country, must have impressed any intelligent person who may have had an opportunity to read them. It may always be taken for granted that the politician who is eager "to join in a recommendation" is thinking first of himself and his fences, secondly of the person recommended, and hardly at all of the public service.



MAJOR PERSHING.
In charge of Insular Affairs, who has just been ordered to Manila.

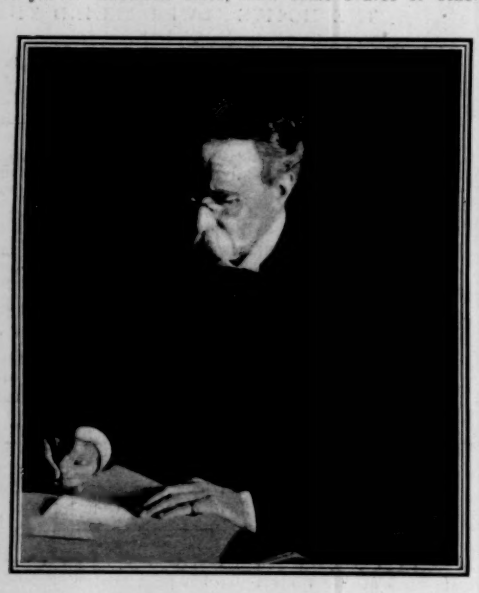
One characteristic of the new field-officers is their youth. The oldest among them is a young major, his commission in the regular army being of a few months' standing. There is no one who knows the regular army who will not rejoice in the selection of the officers for the new regiments from the young men of the establishment.

They are the men upon whom we ought to rely in war, and upon whom we can rely, as experience has proved. And young men are better for the task of fighting than the worthy old men who have grown gray in the service as post-commanders. Secretary Root, as I have said, believes in putting strong motive power behind the military machine, and he is in agreement with the conviction of the best officers and the best friends of the army in acting upon the principle that the commands in the field, for the interests of the country and the service, should go to the younger officers. In saying this, I ought to add that the administration, including Secretary Root, is very far from thinking that the old officers are altogether useless.

There is General Otis, for example, who seems to have won the entire confidence of both the President and the Secretary of War, and I am convinced, from what they both said to me, not only that General Otis will not be withdrawn or supplanted, but that he is entirely trusted; and more than that, if the President were now seeking an officer for the Philippine command, knowing all that he does of Otis, that he would again select that officer. I cannot present too strongly the impression I have received of the confidence felt by the administration in General Otis.

THE SECRETARY AND THE COLONIES

Another question of immediate importance with which the new Secretary has to deal is that of the govern-



JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL LIEBER.
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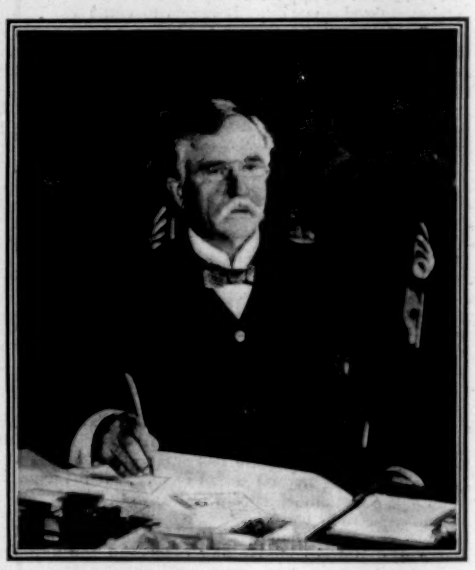

PAYMASTER-GENERAL BATES.
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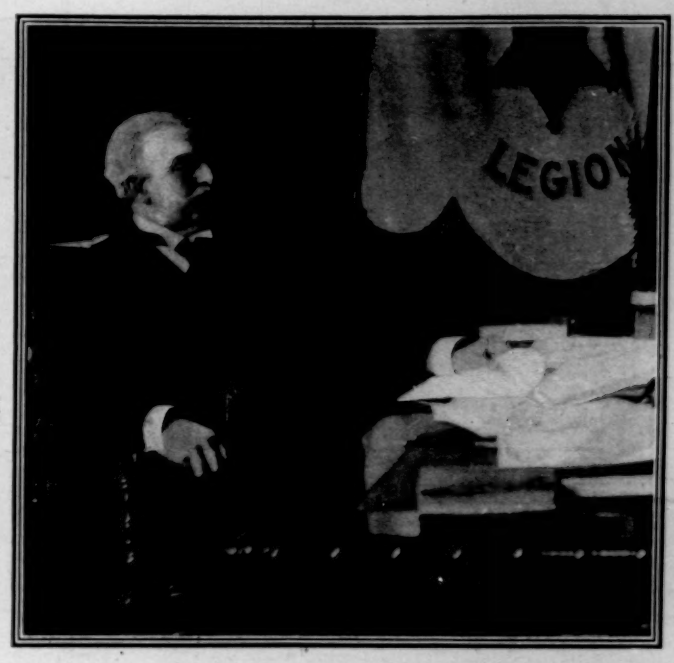
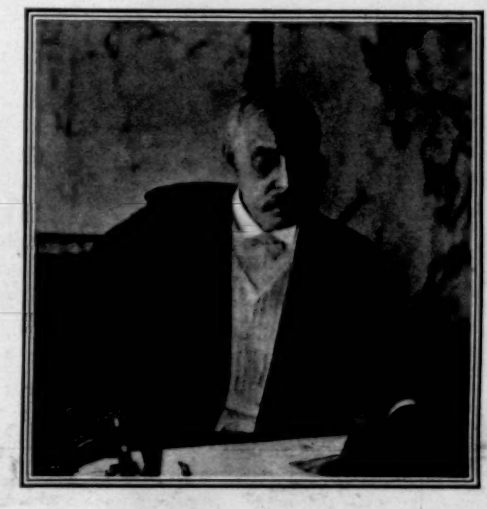
ADJUTANT-GENERAL CORBIN IN HIS OFFICE.



MAJOR-GENERAL MILES.

ment of the new possessions. Congress has taken some action touching the government of Hawaii, and has turned it over to the exclusive jurisdiction of the President, in whom it has lodged all the executive, legislative, and judicial powers of the late Dole government, making of Mr. McKinley a veritable absolute ruler. A state of war prevails in the Philippines, which, when peace comes, will be on a footing with Puerto Rico. That island is now part of the territory of the United States by treaty; but Congress has not yet enacted any legislation for its government, and the President, through the Secretary of War, must act until Congress establishes a government, for government must not be permitted to fail. Cuba is ours in trust for the Cubans, and the Secretary of War, acting for the President, must provide for its civil government, employing, as far as practicable, the existing local machinery. In his order providing for a census, the Secretary sets forth the causes and methods for prosecution of offences against the census authorities and agents. This indicates the enormous extent of his powers and responsibilities. It is upon him principally that government in these outlying dependencies must rest until Congress acts, and this duty alone is sufficient to tax the strength and resources of the most vigorous and intelligent lawyer and publicist. Fortunately Mr. Root has given assurance, in his appointment of colonels and lieutenant-colonels of the new regiments, that he believes in training and efficiency. Until Congress acts he will be fortunate in having the army officers from whom to select his advisers and administrators; and it is to be hoped that when the time for legislation comes, if it ever does come, he will have sufficient influence to impress upon Congress the necessity of establishing a colonial system resting upon merit and efficiency. He has now in Puerto Rico a fine example in General Davis of an efficient army officer and civil administrator, and in no place under our authority is an honest and capable governor more necessary.

Puerto Rico has long been feeling the disastrous effects of its anomalous condition. It is almost without regularly instituted and orderly civil government. We have practically admitted the island to all the limitations of our tariff policy, and to none of its benefits, if there be such benefits. We have closed every market of the world to its products. The tornado swept the island, and was apparently the worst disaster that ever visited it; but it is not to be compared with the disaster of our rule if existing conditions continue—that is, if Congress does not come to the help of the inhabitants. The tornado swept away houses and killed hundreds of people; but, serious as it is, it is temporary, and it is being at least partially relieved by the charity of this country. The ill effects of our tax laws, however, will endure until Congress acts. The Secretary of War can send tents and rations to the afflicted people, but he cannot suspend or change the laws of Congress. Before the tornado fell upon Puerto Rico the islanders were in desperate straits. They had lost the markets of Spain and Cuba, and had gained nothing in return. Their sugar is excluded from the European markets by its bounty-fed competitor, and from the market of the United States by our tariff. Its tobacco, which under Spanish rule was imported chiefly into Cuba, was weighted by a tariff tax charged upon it by the United States. The tobacco crops for two years are piled up in the warehouses, and the highest price yet offered for it by American buyers would not pay the cost of production, although labor is thirty cents a day. Its coffee was mainly purchased in Cuba, Spain, and France; and its largest markets—those of Spain and Cuba—were free for all the products of the island. The Puerto-Ricans are quite as heavily taxed as they were under Spanish rule, and their trade languishes. They are actually threatened with starvation unless they are relieved by Congress from the burdens of the existing tariff policy. The Secretary is naturally greatly troubled by these conditions, but the island must be helped by Congress, and meanwhile Mr. Root will administer Cuba with the existing machinery so far as practicable, although here too Congress can be of material assistance.



QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL LUDINGTON.

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THE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT

In due time Secretary Root must take up the reform of the military establishment. This is an old story, and, so far as he is concerned, he recognizes the necessity of using the existing system, making it as efficient as possible. How vast and complicated that system is may be judged from our photographs. He believes that the war has taught us something of importance on this subject, and that we ought to be able to learn the lesson and profit by it. Naturally he is not prepared to state even that he has reached conclusions as to what that lesson is, or as to what steps ought to be taken to reform abuses or evils of whose existence or extent he is not yet certain. Let us all wish him good fortune and vast patience when he embarks on this part of his task. It is one that requires the highest purpose, the most unflinching courage, the keenest intellect, a discriminating knowledge of men, and an appreciation of jealousies and acrimonious discords that

GENERAL F. C. AINSWORTH.
Chief of Record and Pension Office.

COMMISSARY-GENERAL WESTON.

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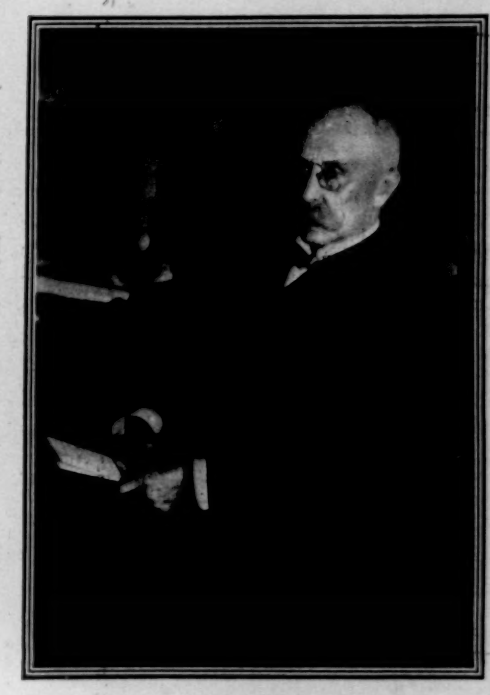

SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG.

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Señor Araullo. Señor Torres. Señor Arencta. Señor Arellano. Colonel E. H. Crowder. Major R. W. Young. Captain W. E. Birkhimer.

THE NEW FILIPINO-AMERICAN SUPREME COURT OF MANILA.
Colonel Crowder Administering the Oath of Office to the Filipino Judges.—Drawn from Life by William Bengough.

have grown with traditions; a resolved purpose to take away usurped authority, and to restore subordination where time has developed usurpation and insubordination; a desire to sink the staff and to elevate the line; a determination to make efficiency count, and to clip the strong wings of the pull. Moreover, Mr. Root will require all his tact, and all this is necessary although his warfare, if he embark in it, will be against the selfishness of men intrenched by law and of those who make the laws, on the one side, and, on the other, the public interests pure and simple. Mr. Root may often find himself alone in Washington in such a struggle, but the country and the real army will be with him in any effort he may make to drive politics out of the army and to relieve it of the burden of incompetent bureaucracy. H. L. N.

Washington, *August 23.*

Supreme Court of Manila

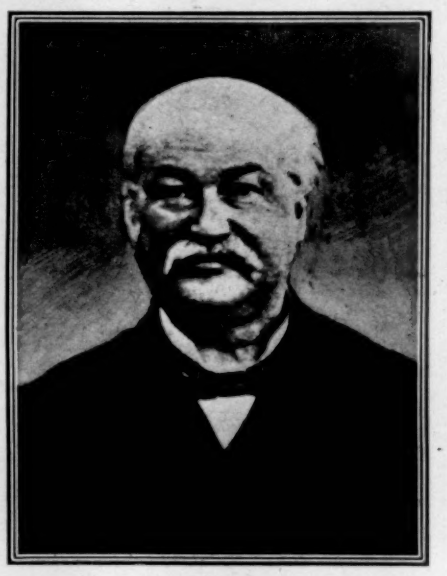
Manila, *July 12, 1899.*

IN a small quiet room in the old Spanish Audiencia, or Supreme Court building, a new court began its history. Far away from the stir and movement of the troops, who with war's ugly tools are roughhewing the path the court is to finish, and shut in from the confusion of the city's life, this visible evidence of the new era was almost unnoticed by the crowd. And yet upon this body will depend the enforcing and final testing of the American form of government as adapted to the Filipinos, and upon its decisions will largely hang the native approval of democratic principles.

The purpose is to proceed conservatively, using, as far as possible, the forms with which the Filipinos are familiar, together with the Spanish laws which have governed the island up to this time. Still, the American dislike for delays and formalities makes it necessary to attempt to avoid Spanish procrastination; and so the court enters upon the interesting experiment of harmonizing the American and Spanish elements, from which will develop the laws that are to come, when in the happier days the Filipino and Americano shall sit down together in peace and legislate upon a democratic basis.

The control of the court has been given to the Filipinos, there being seven native judges and but three Americans. The president is Señor Cayetano Arellano, who was the accepted leader of the legal profession here in the days of Spanish supremacy. He, as well as his associates, is a graduate of the Manila Law School, which has a seven years' course of study. The American judges have a warm admiration for his ability, and do not hesitate to say that he would take rank with the best legal talent in any part of the Union. His thorough knowledge of the history of the Spanish laws relating to the Philippines is of great assistance.

At the opening of the court there were present only three of the Filipino judges with the president. The other three were forced to be absent by "circumstances over which they had no control." They were in other parts of the islands, and could not risk travelling at that time, for all of them have been condemned as traitors by Aguinaldo, and they are still under his sentence of death. Señor Julio Llorente has since arrived from Cebu, where he was governor. Attempts were made to assassinate him, and it was reported in Manila that they had been successful; but he has escaped, for the present at least. Señores Rianzares and Melleza are absent, the former being held by the insurgents, and the latter at Ilo Ilo.



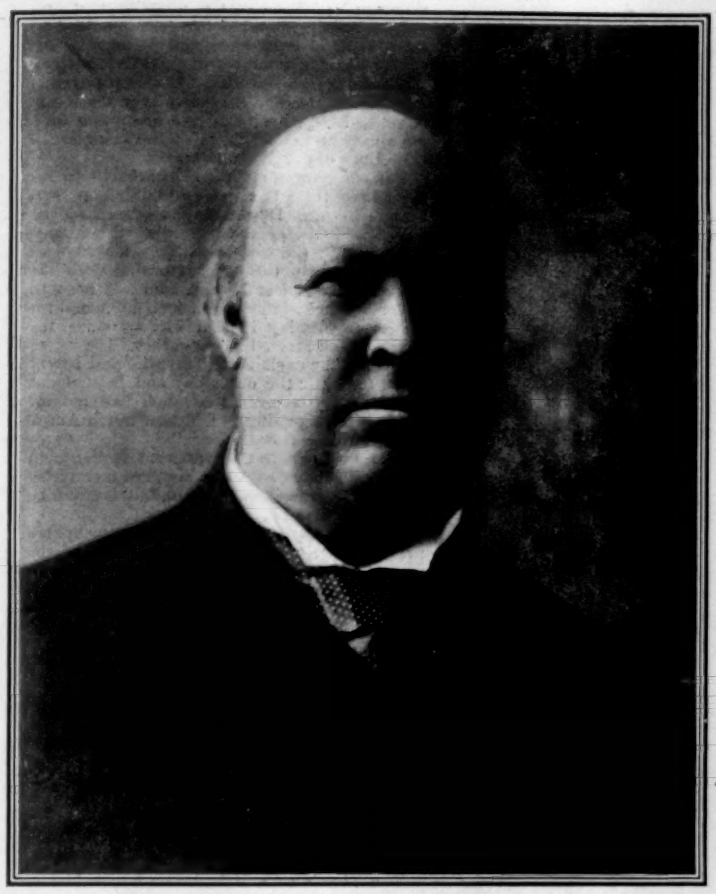
EX.-JUDGE HENRY HILTON,
The Adviser and Successor of the late A. T. Stewart.
Died August 24, 1899.

Señores Manuel Araullo, Gregorio Areneta, and Florentino Torres, who were present at the formation of the court, are all representative Filipinos. The former two are mestizos, as the natives with some Spanish blood are called; Señor Torres, however, is a splendid type of the pure Filipino, his features showing all of the characteristics of his race.

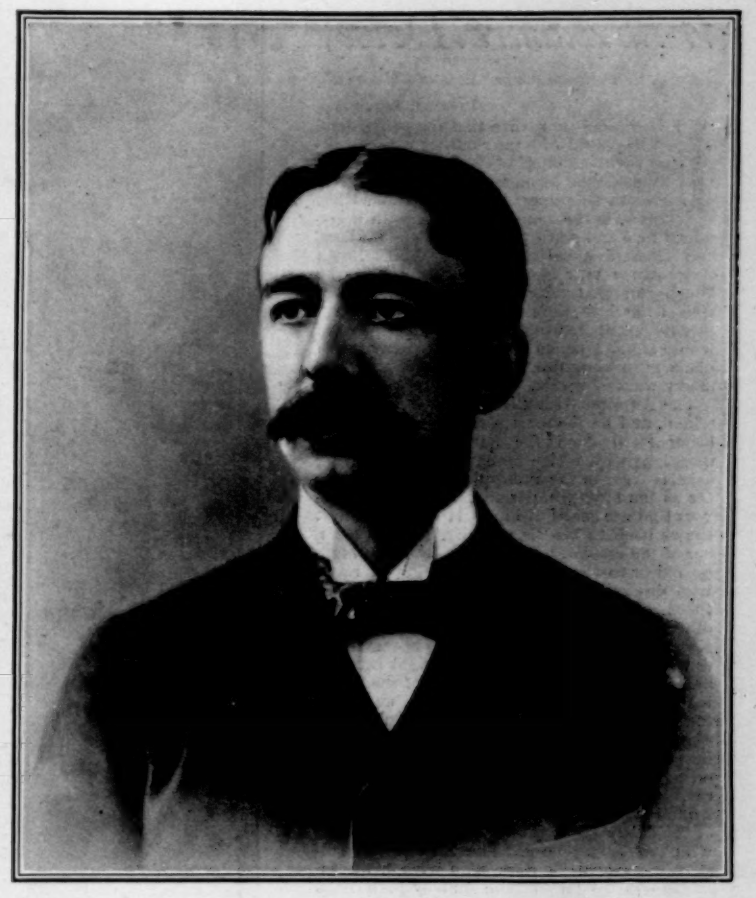
The three American judges are well-known army men, and graduates of West Point. Colonel Enoch H. Crowder, from his graduation, in 1881, was attached to the Eighth Cavalry, until, in January, 1895, he became Major Judge-Advocate, and later, upon the outbreak of the Spanish war, Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers, when he accompanied General Merritt on his expedition to Manila as chief legal adviser. He has since remained in this capacity with General Otis, and thus is the responsible head of the new Supreme Court. He presided at the swearing in of the Filipino judges. Major R. W. Young, the late commander of the Utah Light Artillery, which has just finished its brilliant campaign with General McArthur's second division, has remained in Manila to share in the labors of the court. He was judge-advocate under General Hancock while attached to the Fifth Artillery, after his graduation in 1882. He resigned from the regular army in 1889, and returned to his home in Salt Lake City to practise law. He is the author of a work on *Mobs and Military*, and is eminently qualified, by temperament and training, for the judicial life. Captain W. E. Birkhimer is an honor graduate of the artillery school, and has been continuously attached to the Third Artillery since his graduation in 1873. His work on *Military Government and Martial Law* is particularly fitted to the needs of the present situation in the Philippines, covering as it does every phase of the military occupation.

The various branches of the Supreme Court have been organized, and are in session regularly. The promises made to the Filipinos, that they should share in the administration and formation of their laws, are being fulfilled, and the towns now within the American lines are being governed by native mayors and councillors. So far everything connected with government seems to be moving satisfactorily, as far as American jurisdiction has gone, but it is a very slow process, and the advance has been halted entirely for the time being, as the limited section about Manila, within our lines, lies low in the swamps and lakes of the rainy season.

William Bengough.



THOMAS BRACKETT REED,
Speaker of the House of Representatives of the 51st, 54th, and 55th Congresses. Mr. Reed has just resigned his Seat in the House of Representatives, and will engage in the Practice of the Law in New York.—[See Page 856.]



BIRD S. COLER,
Comptroller of the City of New York, who is protecting the Interests of the People in the Ramapo Water Investigation.—[See Page 856.]

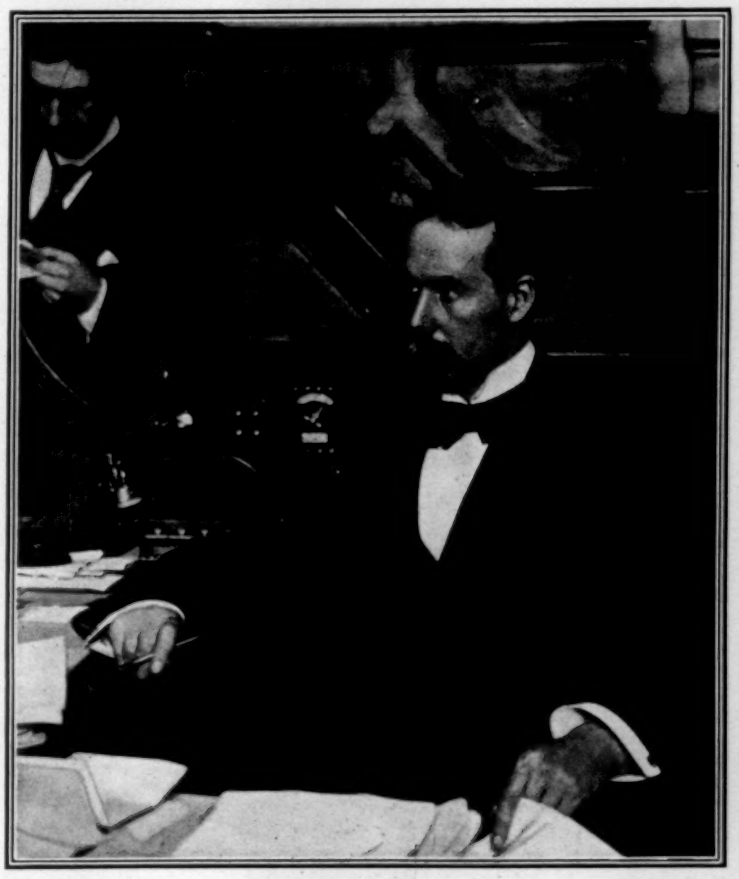
Trusts and Industrial Combinations

I.—COMPETITION

THE welfare of society is the ultimate social reason for the conduct of business. Every business effort which does not tend to give the best goods of the kind under consideration at the lowest cost is waste. But cost may involve, besides money, wear of tissue and destruction of morals. If through dawdling or a wish to make work five type-setters do only the work of four, society has lost the good service of one. On the other hand, if four men are driven to do the work of five, at cost of health or sacrifice of the full development of their powers, or if from physical or mental exhaustion these men fall into drunken habits, productive energy has none the less been wasted. The amount lost is not so easily calculated as in the former instance, but it is doubtless greater. Failure to recognize these simple facts causes most of the class struggles of to-day.

Competition deserves credit for saving to society the expenditure of much energy. The self-interest of buyers leads them to buy cheap; the self-interest of producers leads them to produce at the lowest money cost. Through these desires have come the savings from inventions and better organization. This stimulus of competition in the manufacture and sale of goods has, on the whole, served well the consumers, who must eat and wear clothing, live under shelter, and enjoy the comforts and luxuries of life. The elevation of the standard of living of the past fifty years is due largely to the savings from competition. But we need not now overlook the fact that competition brings also evils, though before the enormous development of industry of the last few years its limits and greatest ills were not apparent. The Trust, which exists by the suppression of competition, by attempting to escape some of these evils has shown them to us more clearly, besides giving us evidence of its own shortcomings.

It has generally been supposed that a competitive price is a low price, but in goods whose quality is not readily determined by the consumer the competitive price can never be low when measured by the cost of manufacture. In such a business selling is much more difficult than manufacture. The average man needs a limited amount of good soap, not more. Many mothers wish some good food for infants, but the amount is strictly limited. Many persons will buy a good bicycle—usually only one at a time. The demand for these articles would be certain and steady with little or no advertising. Under keen competition, however, each manufacturer of these articles has not merely to let consumers know that he can supply their needs. He especially has to convince them, often untruthfully, that his special make is the best and cheapest. A page of one issue of a popular magazine costs the advertiser hundreds of dollars. Count the pages filled each month, in every leading periodical the world over, by advertisements of soap, infants' food, and bicycles. Add to this the extra cost of show-windows, persuasive high-salaried travelling salesmen, expensive building sites, and corresponding rentals. Then reckon the cost to the consumer. If the manufacturers had only to supply the needs of consumers, and were not compelled to attract customers from their rivals, they could in many cases supply their wares at half the present prices. Competition, especially in articles of luxury, is at fault. Society is the loser of this wasted energy, which, if turned into other channels, would raise still higher the standards of living of both workmen and employers. The Trust strives to save this waste. Does it save for society or for itself?



SIR THOMAS JOHNSTONE LIPTON,
Owner of "Shamrock," the Challenger for the "America's" Cup, who is now on his way to this Country.

Competition, too, which makes the art of selling the most difficult part of the producers' work, is responsible to no small degree for the adulteration of foods and the production of shoddy goods. The less skilful salesman or manufacturer may save himself from financial ruin by mixing his teas or putting clay in his cotton cloth. Without competition, discriminations in railway rates—the most flagrant sins of the railways, which have built up cities and made millionaires at the expense of rivals—would rarely be granted.

The Trusts are denounced, and justly enough at times, for their destruction of capital in crushing rivals and dismantling unused plants. But competition is no less destructive. The Trust openly gives a rival the choice to sell out or fail. Competition makes no threats; but the weaker manufacturers and dealers who under its pressure have paid but a small percentage of their debts, and the silent walls of dismantled factories in every period of financial distress, are witnesses of its ruthless power. The Trust strikes down openly its opponents. The silent, persistent pressure of impersonal competition is no less fatal. Its victims may not be so prominent; they are more in number.

To the pressure of competition, often ignorant, have been also due the long hours of labor of working-men, the employment of children, the unsanitary factories, and many of the other evils which have tended so strongly to lower the standard of living of the working-man—evils happily in part overcome by the efforts of trades unions, seconded by public opinion.

The Trust has been formed, so its apologists say, to cure the ills which competition has brought. Part of this work the Trust can do, but it has brought ills of its own no less formidable. Some of these are the ills of competition, but on a different plane; some are peculiar to itself. But if we are to judge either the ills or benefits of society wisely, especially if we are to attempt to secure remedies, we must judge impartially. Safe criteria for judgment are the prevention of waste of energy and the preservation and development of the powers of individuals of all classes. With these criteria it is intended, in succeeding articles, to judge the benefits and evils of the Trust.

W.

With Admiral Dewey

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Leghorn, *August 14.*

IT is difficult to realize that the genial man of the world who sat chatting with friends on the pleasant after-deck of the *Olympia*, as she rode at anchor in the Bay of Naples those sunny August afternoons last week, is the same man who, with determined face and stern purpose, led the brilliant and dramatic naval charge into Manila Bay a little over a year ago. If it were not for the 5-inch guns that poke their heads out at either side of the deck, the flag-ship might pass for a private yacht floating idly in summer seas, on whose shining decks no battle had ever taken place more sanguinary than "tea-fights" and merry wars of words.

The Admiral to-day is like a boy let out of school, and he demonstrates his happiness at being freed from the harassing diplomatic questions with which he has struggled during this last year in the Philippines by granting, as far as his strength permits, the numerous favors that are asked of him. His kindness first shows itself to his "sea family," and no member of the crew of the *Olympia*, from the highest officer to the enlisted man of lowest rank, who deservingly asks leave of absence, is refused. I was sitting near the Admiral the other evening, at a reception given for him in Naples, when several young officers came in. It did one good to look at the upright carriage and the clear-cut faces of the lads of the American navy, and to see the Admiral rise from talking with a lady and greet them with a clasp of the hand and a smile that sent them into the ball-room like a party of youngsters on a holiday. One of them spent the whole evening telling stories in praise of his chief to a quiet lady in a corner, regardless of the glances of the pretty girls who were longing for dances with the young hero. The Admiral is constantly pursued by those who wish his autograph and his photograph, and by invitations that are almost demands for his presence at various social functions. Small "family dinners" are saddled with large receptions, but he remains affable to all. It is to be hoped that his kindness of heart and desire to please may not be so abused that his belief in the world will change to distrust, and that he may not be obliged to hedge himself about with the ceremonious forms which the general public resents so strenuously, and which have become the necessary refuge of public men, no matter with what fixed principles of "Jeffersonian simplicity" they may have started on their career.

It may seem strange that a man who has travelled as much as has Admiral Dewey should continue to have so much faith in his fellow-man; but he has a warm-hearted, impulsive nature, his mind has been moulded in the pursuit of great aims, and perhaps he has so far been unusually fortunate in the men who have been about him. Even the puzzling problems in the Far East have been those that could be handled with a large grasp that does not weary and embitter, as do the commercial bickerings of our Western world.

But while there are some drawbacks to being a hero, there is also a certain delight; and though Admiral Dewey may be often annoyed by individuals, he must be pleased with his treatment by the world at large. I went over to the flag-ship the other morning with the American consul at Naples, who told me that never before had there been such a demand for American bunting in that city as since the *Olympia* had arrived in the harbor.

"Why," he exclaimed, "my wife and I went up in the attic the other day and hunted out old flags that seemed too much battered for use. It is surprising to find how much American sentiment there is here."

Wherever Admiral Dewey went, Italians and Americans crowded about him, not merely because he is famous and a hero, but because he is a charming man.

And here at Leghorn a festive atmosphere prevails, partly because it is the week of the races, but largely because the *Olympia* came in yesterday morning, the four-starred blue flag of the Admiral who won the battle of Manila flying at the main.

Joseph L. Stickney.

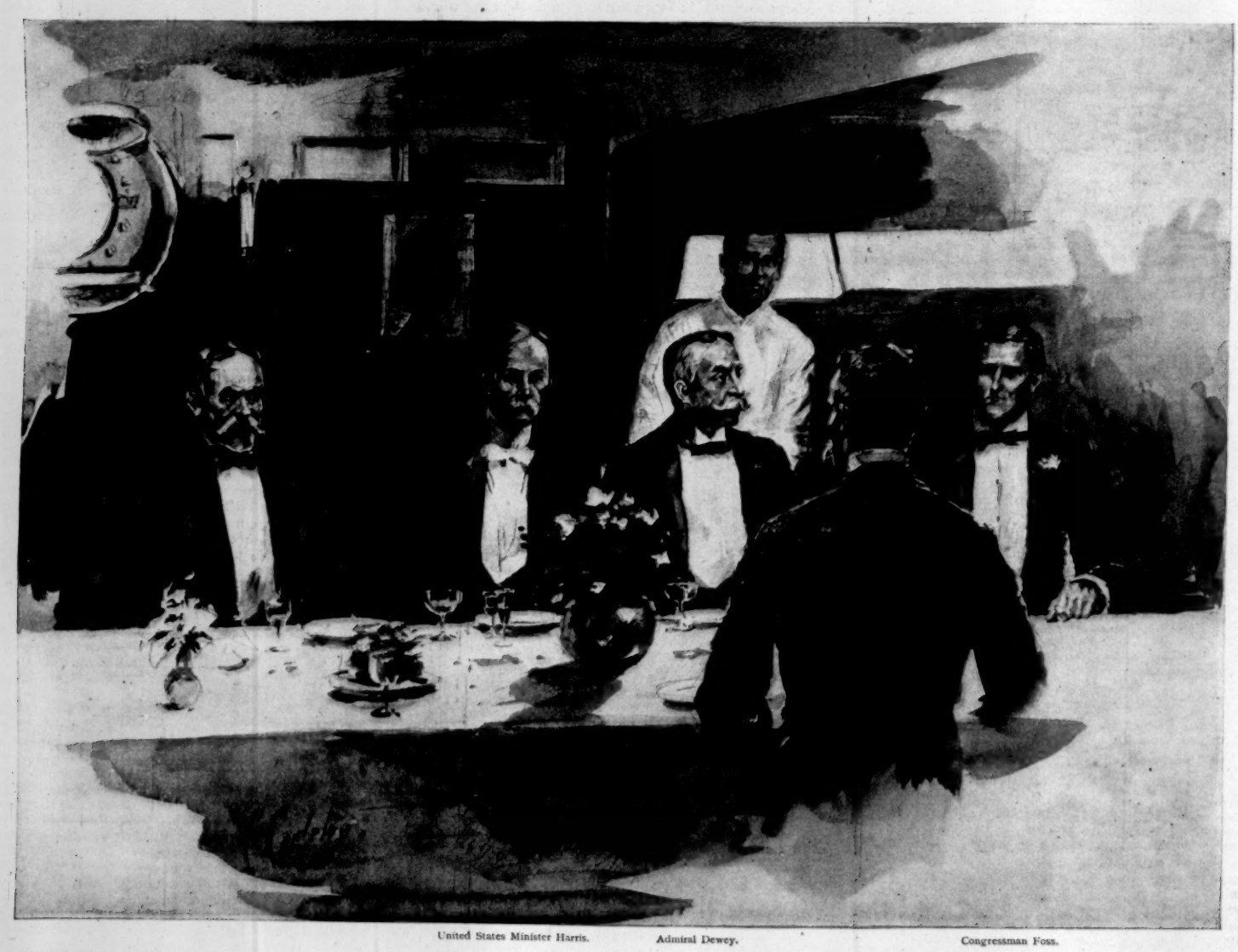
ADMIRAL DEWEY ON THE "OLYMPIA."

Copyright, 1897, by Joseph L. Stickney.

The Vireo's Song

NOW when the sky is one clear curve of blue,
Save where the West is flushed with cinnabar,
Rich, flutelike notes sweep the dense forest through—
The Vireo's song it is, borne from afar;
Showerlike it falls, as streams a falling star.
Sequestered, shy, remote from earthly din—
Tuned to soft chords of melting tenderness
Which human art is helpless to express—
Only the Skylark's is to it akin.
If the red rose some day should cease to flame,
And Summer's pageant miss one circling year,
This song would bring all forms of beauty near;
Would lift the landscape into lyric fame,
And thrill the heart with thoughts and memories dear!

Joel Benton.



United States Minister Harris. Admiral Dewey. Congressman Foss.

DINNER GIVEN BY ADMIRAL DEWEY TO ADDISON C. HARRIS, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO AUSTRIA, ON THE "OLYMPIA" AT TRIESTE.—From a Photograph.

THE ENCHANTED TYPE-WRITER. *By John Kendrick Bangs*

This story was begun August 5, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The narrator discovers in his attic an old type-writing machine, which he cleans and places in the library. Coming home late one evening, he hears the machine going, apparently with no one operating it, and finally discovers that James Boswell, editor of the *Stygian Gazette*, had come from Hades to do some work on it. He agrees to let Boswell use the machine whenever he desires, and Boswell in return promises him the mundane rights to the *Stygian* copy. According to Boswell, the republican element in Hades is aroused because of the autocratic methods of the ruler. The next morning the narrator discovers the manuscript of "Baron Munchausen's Further Recollections." He meets Xanthippe, and she informs him that Boswell has been incarcerated for libel by reason of their publication in the *Gazette*, and that she is the editor during his absence. Boswell, returning, says that Xanthippe had ruined his paper. They organize a series of pleasure tours, the first of which is a trolley party. Boswell informs him of a dispute between the city of Cimmeria and the State of Hades as to whether Cerberus should be taxed as three dogs or one, and the resulting decision that though possessing three heads, they were all attached to the same dog. Boswell also shows the narrator a hand-book to Hades.

IX.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AGAIN.

I HAD intended asking Boswell what had become of my copy of the *Baedeker's Hades* when he next returned, but the output of the machine that evening so interested me that the hand-book was entirely forgotten. If there ever was a hero in this world who could compare with D'Artagnan, in my estimation, for sheer ability in a given line, that hero was Sherlock Holmes. With D'Artagnan and Holmes for my companions I think I could pass the balance of my days in absolute contentment, no matter what woful things might befall me. So it was that when I next heard the tapping keys and dulcet bell of my Enchanted Type-writer, and, after listening intently for a moment, realized that my friend Boswell was making a copy of a Sherlock Holmes Memoir thereon for his next Sunday's paper, all thought of the interesting little red-book of the last meeting flew out of my head. I rose quickly from my couch at the first sounding of the gong.

"Got a Holmes story, eh?" I said, walking to his side, and gazing eagerly over the spot where his shoulder should have been.

"I have that, and it's a winner," he replied, enthusiastically. "If you don't believe it, read it. I'll have it copied in about two minutes."

"I'll do both," I said. "I believe all the Sherlock Holmes stories I read. It is so much pleasanter to believe them true. If they weren't true they wouldn't be so wonderful."

With this I picked up the first page of the manuscript, and shortly after Boswell presented me with the balance, whereon I read the following extraordinary tale:

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

A WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT IN FERRETING.

From Advance Sheets of

MEMOIRS I REMEMBER,

BY

SHERLOCK HOLMES, Esq.,
Ferreter Extraordinary by Special Appointment to his Majesty Apollyon.

WHO THE LADY WAS.

It was not many days after my solution of the Missing Diamond of the Nizam of Jigamaree Mystery that I was called upon to take up a case which has baffled at least one person for ten or eleven centuries. The reader will remember the mystery of the missing diamond—the largest known in all history—which the Nizam of Jigamaree brought from India to present to the Queen of England on the occasion of her diamond jubilee. I had been dead three years at the time, but, by a special dispensation of his Imperial Highness Apollyon, was permitted to return *incog.* to London for the jubilee season, where it so happened that I put up at the same lodging-house as that occupied by the Nizam and his suite. We sat opposite to each other at *table d'hôte*, and for at least three weeks previous to the losing of his treasure the Indian prince was very morose, and it was very difficult to get him to speak. I was not supposed to know—nor, indeed, was any one else, for that matter—at the lodging-house, that the Nizam was so exalted a personage. He, like myself, was travelling *incog.*, and was known to the world as Mr. Wilkins of Calcutta—a very wise precaution, inasmuch as he had in his possession a gem valued at a million and a half of dollars. I recognized him at once, however, by his unlikeness to a wood-cut that had been appearing in the American Sunday newspapers labelled with his name, as well as by the extraordinary lantern which he had on his bicycle—a lantern which to the uneducated eye was no more than an ordinary lamp, but which to an eye like mine, familiar with gems, had for its crystal lens nothing more nor less than the famous stone which he had brought for her Majesty the Queen, his imperial sovereign. There are few people who can tell diamonds from plate-glass under any circumstances, and Mr. Wilkins—otherwise the Nizam—realizing this fact, had taken this bold method of secreting his treasure. Of course, the moment I perceived the quality of the man's lamp I knew at once who Mr. Wilkins was, and I determined to have a little innocent diversion at his expense.

"It has been a fine day, Mr. Wilkins," said I one evening over the *pâté*.

"Yes," he replied, wearily. "Very; but somehow or other I'm depressed to-night."

"Too bad," I said, lightly; "but there are others. There's that poor Nizam of Jigamaree, for instance. Poor devil, he must be the bluest brown man that ever lived."

Wilkins started nervously as I mentioned the prince by name.

"Wh-why do you think that?" he asked, nervously fingering his butter-knife.

"It's tough luck to have to give away a diamond that's worth three or four times as much as the Koh-i-noor," I said. "Suppose you owned a stone like that? Would you care to give it away?"

"Not by a damn sight!" cried Wilkins, forcibly, and I noticed great tears gathering in his eyes.

"Still, he can't help himself, I suppose," I said, gazing abruptly at his scarf-pin. "That is, he doesn't *know* that he can. The Queen expects it. It's been announced, and now the poor devil can't get out of it—though I'll tell you, Mr. Wilkins, if I were the Nizam of Jigamaree, I'd get out of it in ten seconds."

I winked significantly. He looked at me blankly.

"Yes, sir," I added, merely to arouse him, "in just ten seconds! Ten short, beautiful seconds."

"Mr. Postlethwaite," said the Nizam—Postlethwaite was the name I was travelling under—"Mr. Postlethwaite," said the Nizam—otherwise Wilkins—"your remarks interest me greatly." His face wreathed with a smile that I had never before seen there. "I have thought as you do in regard to this poor Indian prince, but I must confess I don't see how he can get out of giving the Queen that diamond. Have a cigar, Mr. Postlethwaite, and—waiter, bring us a triple magnum of champagne. Do you really think, Mr. Postlethwaite, that there is a way out of it? If you would like a ticket to Westminster for the ceremony, there are a half-dozen."

"'TURN THAT INFERNAL THING THE OTHER WAY!' HE SHRIEKED."

He tossed six tickets for seats among the crowned heads across the table to me. His eagerness was almost too painful to witness.

"Thank you," said I, calmly pocketing the tickets; for they were of rare value at that time. "The way out of it is very simple."

"Indeed, Mr. Postlethwaite!" said he, trying to keep cool. "Ah—are you interested in rubies, sir? There are a few which I should be pleased to have you accept"—and with that over came a handful of precious stones, each worth a fortune. These also I pocketed, as I replied.

"Why, certainly. If I were the Nizam," said I, "I'd lose that diamond."

A shade of disappointment came over Mr. Wilkins's face.

"Lose it? How? Where?" he asked, with a frown.

"Yes. Lose it. Any way I could. As for the place where it should be lost, any old place will do, so long as it is where he can find it again when he gets back home. He might leave it in his other clothes, or—"

"Make that two triple magnums, waiter," cried Mr. Wilkins, excitedly, interrupting me. "Postlethwaite, you're a genius, and if you ever want a house and lot in Calcutta, just let me know and they're yours."

You never saw such a change come over a man in all your life. Where he had been all gloom before, he was now all smiles and jollity, and from that time on to his return to India Mr. Wilkins was as happy as a schoolboy at the beginning of vacation. The next day the diamond was lost, and whoever may have it at this moment, the British crown is not in possession of the Jigamaree gem.

But, as my friend Terence Mulvaney says, that is another story. It is of the mystery immediately following this concerning which I have set out to write.

I was sitting one day in my office on Apollyon Square, opposite the Alexandrian Library, smoking an absinthe cigarette, which I had rolled myself from my special mixture, consisting of two parts tobacco, one part hasheesh, one part of opium dampened with a liqueur-glass of absinthe, when an excited knock sounded upon my door.

"Come in!" I cried, adopting the usual formula.

The door opened and a beautiful woman stood before me, clad in most regal garments, robust of figure, yet extremely pale. It seemed to me that I had seen her somewhere before, yet for a time I could not place her.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" said she, in deliciously musical tones, which, singular to relate, she emitted in a fashion suggestive of a recitative passage in an opera.

"The same," said I, bowing with my accustomed courtesy.

"The ferret?" she sang, in staccato tones which were ravishing to my musical soul.

I laughed. "That term has been applied to me, madame," said I, chanting my answer as best I could. "For myself, however, I prefer to assume the more modest title of detective. I can work with or without clews, and have never yet been baffled. I know who wrote the Junius letters, and upon occasions have been known to see through a stone wall with my naked eye. What can I do for you?"

"Tell me who I am!" she cried, tragically, taking the centre of the room and gesticulating wildly.

"Well—really, madame," I replied—"you didn't send up any card—"

"Ah!" she sneered. "This is what your vaunted prowess amounts to, eh? Ha! Do you suppose if I had a card with my name on it I'd have come to you to inquire who I am? I can read a card as well as you can, Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"Then, as I understand it, madame," I put in, "you have suddenly forgotten your identity, and wish me to—"

"Nothing of the sort. I have forgotten nothing. I never knew for certain who I am. I have an impression, but it is based only on hearsay evidence," she interrupted.

For a moment I was fairly puzzled. Still, I did not wish to let her know this, and so, going behind my screen and taking a capsule full of cocaine to steady my nerves, I gained a moment to think. Returning, I said:

"This really is child's play for me, madame. It won't take more than a week to find out who you are, and possibly, if you have any clews at all to your identity, I may be able to solve this mystery in a day."

"I have only three," she answered, and taking a piece of swan's-down, a lock of golden hair, and a pair of silver-tinsel tights from her portmanteau, she handed them over to me.

My first impulse was to ask the lady if she remembered the name of the asylum from which she had escaped, but I fortunately refrained from doing so, and she shortly left me, promising to return at the end of the week.

For three days I puzzled over the clews. Swan's down, yellow hair, and a pair of silver-tinsel tights, while very interesting no doubt at times, do not form a very solid basis for a theory establishing the identity of so regal a person as my visitor. My first impression was that she was a vaudeville artist, and that the exhibits she had left me were a part of her make-up. This I was forced to abandon shortly, because no woman with the voice of my visitor would sing in vaudeville. The more ambitious stage was her legitimate field, if not grand opera itself.

At this point she returned to my office, and I of course reported progress. That is one of the most valuable things I learned while on earth—when you have done nothing, report progress.

"I haven't quite succeeded as yet," said I, "but I am getting at it slowly. I do not, however, think it wise to acquaint you with my present notions, until they are verified beyond peradventure. It might help me somewhat if you were to tell me who it is you think you are. I could work either forward or backward on that hypothesis, as seemed best, and so arrive at a hypothetical truth anyhow."

"That's just what I don't want to do," said she. "That information might bias your final judgment. If, however, acting on the clews which you have, you confirm my impression that I am such and such a person, as well as the views which other people have, then will my status be well defined, and I can institute my suit against my husband for a judicial separation, with back alimony, with some assurance of a successful issue."

I was more puzzled than ever.

"Well," said I, slowly, "I of course can see how a small bit of swan's-down and a lock of yellow hair, backed up by a pair of silver-tinsel tights, might constitute reasonable evidence in a suit for separation, but wouldn't it—ah—be more to your purpose if I should use these data as establishing the identity of—er—somebody else?"

"How very dense you are!" she replied, impatiently. "That's precisely what I want you to do."

"But you told me it was your identity you wished proven," I put in, irritably.

"Precisely," said she.

"Then these bits of evidence are—yours?" I asked, hesitatingly. One does not like to accuse a lady of an undue liking for tinsel.

"They are all I have left of my husband," she answered, with a sob.

"Hum!" said I, my perplexity increasing. "Was the—ah—the gentleman blown up by dynamite?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Holmes," she retorted, rising and running the scales. "I think, after all, I have come to the wrong shop. Have you Hawkshaw's address handy? You are too obtuse for a detective."

My reputation was at stake, so I said, significantly:

"Good! Good! I was merely trying one of my disguises on you, madame, and you were completely taken

in. Of course no one would ever know me for Sherlock Holmes if I manifested such dulness."

"Ah!" she said, her face lighting up. "You were merely deceiving me by appearing to be obtuse?"

"Of course," said I. "I see the whole thing in a nutshell. You married an adventurer; he told you who he was, but you've never been able to prove it; and suddenly you are deserted by him, and on going over his wardrobe you find he has left nothing but these articles; and now you wish to sue him for a separation on the ground of desertion, and secure alimony if possible."

It was a magnificent guess.

"That is it precisely," said the lady. "Except as to the extent of his 'leavings.' In addition to the things you have he gave my small brother a brass bugle and a tin sword."

"We may need to see them later," said I. "At present I will do all I can for you on the evidence in hand. I have got my eye on a gentleman who wears silver-tinsel tights now, but I am afraid he is not the man we are after, because his hair is black, and, so far as I have been able to learn from his valet, he is utterly unacquainted with swan's-down."

We separated again, and I went to the club to think. Never in my life before had I had so baffling a case. As I sat in the café sipping a cocaine cobbler, who should walk in but Hamlet, strangely enough picking particles of swan's-down from his black doublet, which was literally covered with it.

"Hello, Sherlock!" he said, drawing up a chair and sitting down beside me. "What you up to?"

"Trying to make out where you have been," I replied. "I judge from the swan's-down on your doublet that you have been escorting Ophelia to the opera in the regulation cloak."

"You're mistaken for once," he laughed. "I've been driving with Lohengrin. He's got a pair of swans that can do a mile in 2.10—but it makes them moult like the devil."

"Pair of what?" I cried.

"Swans," said Hamlet. "He's an eccentric sort of a duffer, that Lohengrin. Afraid of horses, I fancy."

"And so drives swans instead?" said I, incredulously.

"The same," replied Hamlet. "Do I look as if he drove squab?"

"He must be queer," said I. "I'd like to meet him. He'd make quite an addition to my collection of freaks."

"Very well," observed Hamlet. "He'll be here to-morrow to take luncheon with me, and if you'll come too, you'll be most welcome. He's collecting freaks too, and, I haven't a doubt, would be pleased to know you."

We parted, and I sauntered homeward, cogitating over my strange client, and now and then laughing over the idiosyncrasies of Hamlet's friend the swan-driver. It never occurred to me at the moment, however, to connect the two, in spite of the link of swan's-down. I regarded it merely as a coincidence. The next day, however, on going to the club and meeting Hamlet's strange guest, I was struck by the further coincidence that his hair was of precisely the same shade of yellow as that in my possession. It was of a hue that I had never seen before, except at performances of grand opera, or on the heads of fool detectives in musical burlesques. Here was the real thing growing luxuriantly from the man's head.

"Ho-ho!" thought I to myself. "Here is a fortunate encounter; there may be something in it," and then I tried to lead him on.

"I understand, Mr. Lohengrin," I said, "that you have a fine span of swans."

"Yes," he said; and I was astonished to note that he, like my client, spoke in musical numbers. "Very. They're much finer than horses, in my opinion. More peaceful, quite as rapid, and amphibious. If I go out for a drive and come to a lake they trot quite as well across its surface as on the highways."

"How interesting! And so gentle, the swan! Your wife, I presume—"

Hamlet kicked my shins under the table.

"I think it will rain to-morrow," he said, giving me a glance which, if it said anything, said shut up.

"I think so too," said Lohengrin, a lowering look on his face. "If it doesn't, it will either snow or hail or be clear." And he gazed abstractedly out of the window.

The kick and the man's confusion were sufficient proof. I was on the right track at last. Yet the evidence was unsatisfactory, because merely circumstantial. My piece of down might have come from an opera cloak and not from a well-broken swan, the hair might equally clearly have come from some other head than Lohengrin's, and other men have had trouble with their wives. The circumstantial evidence lying in the coincidences was strong, but not conclusive, so I resolved to pursue the matter and invite the strange individual to a luncheon with me, at which I proposed to wear the tinsel tights. Seeing them, he might be forced into betraying himself.

This I did, and while my impressions were confirmed by his demeanor, no positive evidence grew out of it.

"I'm as hungry as a bear!" he said, as I entered the club, clad in a long, heavy ulster, reaching from my shoulders to the ground, so that the tights were not visible.

"Good," said I. "I like a hearty eater," and I ordered a luncheon of ten courses before removing my overcoat; but not one morsel could the man eat, for on the removal of my coat his eye fell upon my silver garments, and with a gasp he wellnigh fainted. It was clear. He recognized them and was afraid, and in consequence lost his appetite. But he was game, and tried to laugh it off.

"Silver man, I see," he said, nervously, smiling.

"No," said I, taking the lock of golden hair from my pocket and dangling it before him. "Bimetallist."

His jaw dropped in dismay; but recovering himself instantly, he put up a fairly good fight.

"It is strange, Mr. Lohengrin," said I, "that in the three years I have been here I've never seen you before."

"I've been very quiet," he said. "Fact is, I have had my reasons, Mr. Holmes, for preferring the life of a hermit. A youthful indiscretion, sir, has made me fear to face the world. There was nothing wrong about it, save that it was a folly, and I have been anxious in these days of newspapers to avoid any possible revival of what might in some eyes seem scandalous."

I felt sorry for him, but my duty was clear. Here was my man; how to gain direct proof was beyond me. No further admissions could be got out of him, and we parted.

Two days later the lady called, and again I reported progress.

"It needs but one thing, madame, to convince me that I have found your husband," said I. "I have found a man who might be connected with swan's-down, from whose luxuriant curls might have come this tow-colored lock, and who might have worn the silver-tinsel tights—yet it is all *might* and no certainty."

"'OLD PETER STUYVESANT, FOR INSTANCE, ALWAYS DRIVES WITH HIS WOODEN LEG.'"

"I shall bring my small brother's bugle and the tin sword," said she. "The sword has certain properties which may induce him to confess. My brother tells me that if he simply shakes it at a cat the cat falls dead."

"Do so," said I, "and I will try it on him. If he recognizes the sword and remembers its properties, when I attempt to brandish it at him he'll be forced to confess; though it would be awkward if he is the wrong man, and the sword should work on him as it does on the cat."

The next day I was in possession of the famous toy. It was not very long, and rather more suggestive of a pancake-turner than a sword, but it was a terror. I tested its qualities on a swarm of gnats in my room, and the moment I shook it at them they fluttered to the ground as dead as door-nails.

"I'll have to be careful of this weapon," I thought. "It would be terrible if I should brandish it at a motorman trying to get one of the Gehenna Traction Company's cable-cars to stop, and he should drop dead at his post."

All was now ready for the demonstration. Fortunately the following Saturday night was club night at the House-Boat, and we were all expected to come in costume. For dramatic effect I wore a yellow wig, a helmet, the silver-tinsel tights, and a doublet to match, with the brass bugle and the tin sword properly slung about my person. I looked stunning, even if I do say it, and, much to my surprise, several people mistook me for the man I was after. Another link in the chain! *Even the public unconsciously recognized the value of my deductions. They called me Lohengrin!*

And of course it all happened as I expected. It always does. Lohengrin came into the assembly-room five minutes after I did, and was visibly annoyed at my make-up.

"This is a great liberty," said he, grasping the hilt of his sword; but I answered him by blowing the bugle at him, at which he turned livid and fell back. He had recognized its soft cadence. I then hauled the sword from my belt, shook it at a fly on the wall, which immediately died, and made as if to do the same at Lohengrin, whereupon he cried for mercy and fell upon his knees.

"Turn that infernal thing the other way!" he shrieked.

"Ah!" said I, lowering my arm. "Then you know its properties?"

"I do—I do!" he cried. "It used to be mine—I confess it!"

"Then," said I, calmly putting the horrid bit of zinc back into my belt, "that's all I wanted to know. If you'll come up to my office some morning next week I'll introduce you to your wife," and I turned from him.

My mission accomplished, I left the festivities and returned to my quarters, where my fair client was awaiting me.

"Well?" she said.

"It's all right, Mrs. Lohengrin," I said, and the lady cried aloud with joy at the name, for it was the very one she had hoped it would be. "My man turns out to be your man, and I turn him over therefore to you. Only deal gently with him; he's a pretty decent chap, and sings like a bird."

Whereon I presented her with my bill for 5000 oboli, which she paid without a murmur, as was entirely proper that she should, for upon the evidence which I had secured the fair plaintiff in the suit for separation of Elsa *vs.* Lohengrin, on the ground of desertion and non-support, obtained her decree, with back alimony of twenty-five per cent. of Lohengrin's income for a trifle over fifteen hundred years.

How much that amounted to I really do not know, but that it was a large sum I am sure, for Lohengrin must have been very wealthy. He couldn't have afforded to dress in solid silver-tinsel tights if he had been otherwise. I had the tights assayed before returning them to their owner, and even in a country where free coinage of tights is looked upon askance they could not be duplicated for less than $850 at a ratio of 32 to 1.

X.

GOLF IN HADES.

"JIM," said I to Boswell one morning, as the type-writer began to work, "perhaps you can enlighten me on a point concerning which a great many people have questioned me recently. Has golf taken hold of Hades yet? You referred to it some time ago, and I've been wondering ever since if it had become a fad with you."

"Has it?" laughed my visitor. "Well, I should rather say it had. The fact is, it has been a great boon to the country. You remember my telling you of the projected revolution led by Cromwell and Cæsar and the others?"

"I do, very well," said I, "and I have been intending to ask you how it came out."

"Oh, everything's as fine and sweet as can be now," rejoined Boswell, somewhat gleefully, "and all because of golf. We are all quiet along the Styx now. All animosities are buried in the general love of golf, and every one of us, high or low, autocrat and revolutionist, is hobnobbing away in peace and happiness on the links. Why, only six weeks ago Apollyon was for cooking Bonaparte on a waffle-iron, and yesterday the two went out to the Cimmerian links together and played a mixed foursome, Bonaparte and Medusa playing against Apollyon and Delilah."

"Dear me! Really?" I cried. "That must have been an interesting match."

"It was, and up to the very last it was nip and tuck between 'em," said Boswell. "Apollyon and Delilah won it with one hole up, and they got that on the putt. They'd have halved the hole if Medusa's back hair hadn't wiggled loose and bitten her caddie just as she was holing out."

"It is a remarkable game," said I. "There is no sensation in the world quite equal to that which comes to a man's soul when he has hit the ball a solid clip and sees it sail off through the air towards the green, whizzing musically along like a very bird."

"True; but I'm rather of the opinion that it's a safer game for shades than for you purely material persons."

"I don't see why," I answered.

"It is easy to understand," returned Boswell. "For instance, with us there is no resistance when by a mischance we come into unexpected contact with the ball. Take the experience of Diogenes and Solomon at the St. Jonah's Links week before last. The Wiseman's Handicap was on. Diogenes and Simple Simon were playing just ahead of Solomon and Montaigne. Solomon was driving in great form. For the first time in his life he seemed able to keep his eye on the ball, and the way he sent it flying through the air was a caution. Diogenes and Simple Simon had both had their second stroke, and Solomon drove off. His ball sailed straight ahead like a missile from a catapult, flew in a bee-line for Diogenes, struck him at the base of his brain, continued on through, and landed on the edge of the green."

"Mercy!" I cried. "Didn't it kill him?"

"Of course not," retorted Boswell. "You can't kill a shade. Diogenes didn't know he'd been hit; but if that had happened to one of you material golfers there'd have been a sickening end to that tournament."

"There would indeed!" said I. "There isn't much fun in being hit by a golf-ball. I can testify to that, because I have had the experience," and called to mind the day at St. Peterkin's when I unconsciously stymied with my material self the celebrated Willie McGuffin, the Demon Driver from the Hootmon Links, Scotland. McGuffin made his mark that day if he never did before, and I bear the evidence thereof even now, although the incident took place two years ago, when I did not know enough to keep out of the way of the player who plays so well that he thinks he has a perpetual right of way everywhere.

"What kind of clubs do you Stygians use?" I asked.

"Oh, very much the same kind that you chaps do," returned Boswell. "Everybody experiments with new fads, too, just as you do. Old Peter Stuyvesant, for instance, always drives with his wooden leg, and never uses anything else, unless he gets a lie where he's got to."

"His wooden leg?" I roared, with a laugh. "How on earth does he do that?"

"He screws the small end of it into a square block shod like a brassey," explained Boswell, "tees up his ball, goes back ten yards, makes a run at it, and kicks the ball pretty nearly out of sight. He can putt with it, too, like a dream, swinging it sideways."

"But he doesn't call that golf, does he?" I cried.

"What is it?" demanded Boswell.

"I should call it football," I said.

"Not at all," said Boswell. "Not a bit of it. He hasn't any foot on that leg, and he has a golf-club head with a shaft to it. There isn't any rule which says that the shaft shall not look like an inverted ninepin, nor do any of the accepted authorities require that the club shall be manipulated by the arms. I admit it's bad form the way he plays, but, as Stuyvesant himself says, he never did travel on his shape."

"Suppose he gets a cuppy lie?" I asked, very much interested at the first news from Hades of the famous old Dutchman.

"Oh, he does one of two things," said Boswell. "He stubs it out with his toe, or goes back and plays two more. Munchausen plays a good game too. He beat the Colonel forty-seven straight holes last Wednesday, and all Hades has been talking about it ever since."

"Who is the Colonel?" I asked, innocently.

"Bogey," returned Boswell. "Didn't you ever hear of Colonel Bogey?"

"Of course," I replied, "but I always supposed Bogey was an imaginary opponent, not a real one."

"So he is," said Boswell.

"Then you mean—"

"I mean that Munchausen beat him forty-seven up," said Boswell.

"Were there any witnesses?" I demanded; for I had little faith in Munchausen's regard for the eternal verities, among which a golf-card must be numbered if the game is to survive.

"Yes, a hundred," said Boswell. "There was only one trouble with 'em." Here the great biographer laughed. "They were all imaginary, like the Colonel."

"And Munchausen's score?" I queried.

"The same, naturally. But it makes him king-pin in golf circles just the same, because nobody can go back on his logic," said Boswell. "Munchausen reasoned it out very logically indeed, and largely, he said, to protect his own reputation. Here is an imaginary warrior, said he, who makes a bully but wholly imaginary, score at golf. He sends me an imaginary challenge to play him forty-seven holes. I accept; not so much because I consider myself a golfer as because I am an imaginer—if there is such a word."

"Ask Dr. Johnson," said I, a little sarcastically. I always grow sarcastic when golf is mentioned.

"Dr. Johnson be—" began Boswell.

"Boswell!" I remonstrated.

"Dr. Johnson be it, I was about to say," clicked the type-writer, suavely; but the ink was thick and inclined to spread. "Munchausen felt that Bogey was encroaching on his preserves as a man with an imagination."

"I have always considered Colonel Bogey a liar," said I. "He joins all clubs, and puts up an ideal score before he has played over the links."

"That isn't the point at all," said Boswell. "Golfers don't lie. Realists don't lie. Nobody in polite—or say, rather, accepted—society lies. They all imagine. Munchausen realizes that he has only one claim to recognition, and that is based entirely upon his imagination. So when the imaginary Colonel Bogey sent him an imaginary challenge to play him forty-seven holes at golf—"

"Why forty-seven?" I asked.

"An imaginary number," explained Boswell. "Don't interrupt. As I say, when the imaginary Colonel—"

"I must interrupt," said I. "What was he Colonel of?"

"A regiment of perfect caddies," said Boswell.

"Ah, I see!" I replied. "Imaginary in his command. There isn't one perfect caddy, much less a regiment of the little reprobates."

"You are wrong there," said Boswell. "You don't know how to produce a good caddy—but good caddies can be made."

"How?" I cried, for I have suffered. "I'll have the plan patented."

"Take a flexible brassey, and at the ninth hole, if they deserve it, give them eighteen strokes across the legs with all your strength," said Boswell. "But, as I said before, don't interrupt. I haven't much time left to talk with you."

"But I must ask one more question," I put in, for I was growing excited over a new idea. "You say give them eighteen strokes across the legs. Across whose legs?"

"Yours," replied Boswell. "Just take your caddy up, place him across your knees, and spank him with your brassey. Spank isn't a good golf term, but it is good enough for the average caddy; in fact, it will do him good."

"Go on," said I, with a mental resolve to adopt his prescription.

"Well," said Boswell, "Munchausen, having received an imaginary challenge from an imaginary opponent, accepted. He went out to the links with an imaginary ball, an imaginary bagful of fanciful clubs, and licked the imaginary life out of the Colonel."

"Still, I don't see," said I, somewhat jealously, perhaps, "how that makes him king-pin in golf circles. Where did he play?"

"On imaginary links," said Boswell.

"Poh!" I ejaculated.

"Don't sneer," said Boswell. "You know yourself that the links you imagine are far better than any others."

"What is Munchausen's strongest point?" I asked, seeing that there was no arguing with the man—"driving, approaching, or putting?"

"None of the three. He cannot putt, he foozles every drive, and at approaching he's a consummate ass," said Boswell.

"Then what can he do?" I cried.

"Count," said Boswell. "Haven't you learned that yet? You can spend hours learning how to drive, weeks to approach, and months to putt. But if you want to win you must know how to count."

I was silent, and for the first time in my life I realized that Munchausen was not so very different from certain golfers I have met in my short day as a golfiac, and then Boswell put in:

"You see, it isn't lofting or driving that wins," he continued. "Cups aren't won on putting or approaching. It's the man who puts in the best card who becomes the champion."

"I am afraid you are right, but I am sorry to find that Hades is as badly off as we mortals in that matter."

"Golf, sir," retorted Boswell, sententiously, "is the same everywhere, and that which is done in our world is directly in line with what is developed in yours."

"I'm sorry for Hades," said I; "but to continue about golf—do the ladies play much on your links?"

"Well, rather," returned Boswell; "and it's rather amusing to watch them at it, too. Xanthippe with her Greek clothes finds it rather difficult; but for rare sport you ought to see Queen Elizabeth trying to keep her eye on the ball over her ruff! It is really one of the finest spectacles you ever saw."

"But why don't they dress properly?"

"Ah!" sighed Boswell, "that is one of the things about Hades that destroy all the charm of life there. We are but shades."

"Granted," said I, "but your garments can—"

"Our garments can't," said Boswell. "Through all eternity we shades of our former selves are doomed to wear the shadows of our former clothes."

"Then what the devil does a poor dressmaker do who goes to Hades?" I cried.

"She makes over the things she made before," said Boswell. "That's why, my dear fellow," the biographer added, becoming confidential—"some people confound Hades with—ah—the other place, don't you know."

"Still, there's golf," I said, "and that's a panacea for all ills. *You* enjoy it, don't you?"

"Me?" cried Boswell. "Me enjoy it? Not on all the lives in Christendom. It is the direst drudgery for me."

"Drudgery?" I said. "Bah! Nonsense, Boswell!"

"You forget—" he began.

"Forget? It must be you who forget, if you call golf drudgery."

"No," sighed the genial spirit. "No, *I* don't forget. I remember."

"Remember what?" I demanded.

"That I am Dr. Johnson's caddy!" was the answer. And then came a heart-rending sigh, and from that time on all was silence. I repeatedly put questions to the machine, made observations to it, derided it, insulted it, but there was no response.

It has so continued to this day, and I can only conclude the story of my Enchanted Type-writer by saying that I presume golf has taken the same hold upon Hades that it has upon this world, and that I need not hope to hear more from that attractive region until the game has relaxed its grip, which I know can never be.

Hence let me say to those who have been good enough to follow me through the realms of the Styx that I bid them an affectionate farewell and thank them for their kind attention to my chronicles. They are all truthful; but now that the source of supply has been cut off I cannot prove it. I can only hope that for one and all the future may hold as much of pleasure as the place of departed spirits has held for me.

THE END

THE CHANCES FOR DREYFUS. *By Julian Ralph*

MAÎTRES LABORI AND DEMANGE, COUNSEL FOR DREYFUS, IN FRONT OF THE MILITARY PRISON AT RENNES.

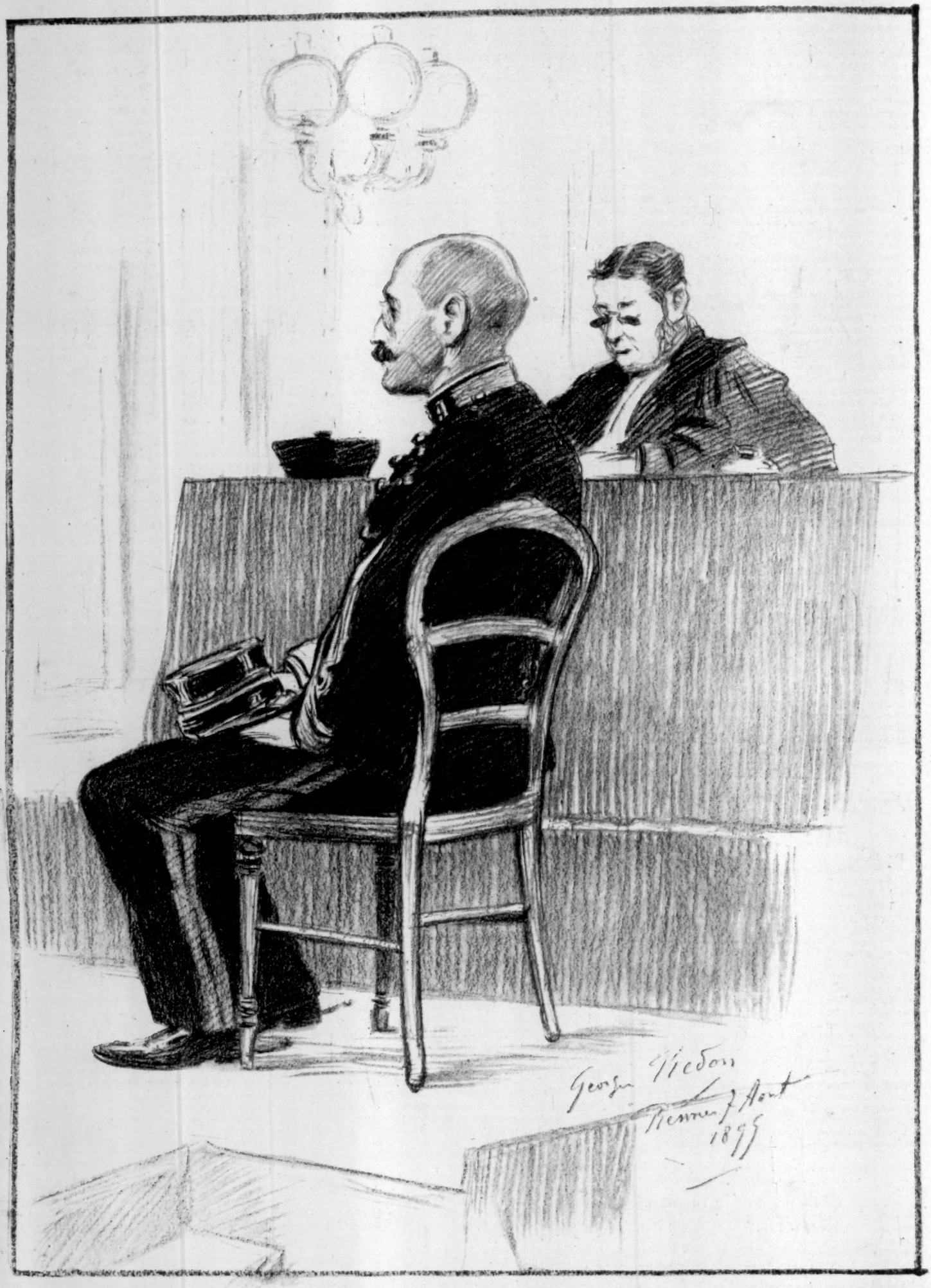
RENNES, *August 10.*

WRITING from this distance and by post, a brief discussion of the probable result of the second trial of Alfred Dreyfus will not be a violation of legal etiquette. The *procès* may have finished by the time this reaches you. Now that it is in progress, it is the fashion of the champions of Dreyfus and of justice to admit no other possibility than that he will be acquitted. I hope they will prove correct. Still, it is a fact that for every such champion in France there are 500 who believe he will be recondemned. Some of these argue solely upon the disclosures (the repetition of the former charges) to be made in court; and all declare that the safety and peace of France, and its position among the nations of the earth, demand his reconviction. These people are not the riffraff of the French. It is the riffraff which makes up the bulk of the Dreyfusards. They include the socialists, nihilists, cranks, and vagabonds of the country. This is amazing to all who do not realize the true conditions here; but how can it be otherwise when the Church, the army, the aristocracy, and the *bourgeoisie* believe him a traitor whose case is made use of by the Jews to break down the army and humble the nation? If the case for Dreyfus had no other or better support in the other countries of Christendom it would sink into insignificance. It would be a mere criminal trial, like any one of a thousand that are tried every day.

Le Gaulois, an anti-Dreyfusard paper, has been making an interesting study of the manner in which persons and forces in France are divided in their opinions and sympathies by this extraordinary case. This shows that the number and consequence of those who adhere to what we believe to be the cause of truth and justice have grown amazingly. Perhaps if this new trial of Dreyfus had been postponed another six months the mass of the French people would have been divided, as the moulders of opinion in Paris are; but, alas! this is not at all the case to-day.

Among the daily newspapers of the capital which espouse the cause of Dreyfus are the *Figaro*, the *Aurore*, the *Soleil*, and that remarkable champion of the rights of advanced women, the *Fronde*. Among those which argue for "revision" simply as a matter of right and principle are *Le Temps*, *Le Journal des Débats*, and the *Matin*. This shows that a remarkable change is taking place in public opinion. There are now thirteen Dreyfusard dailies in Paris, and four which demanded a fair second trial for what every one calls "the Jew." Of course the anti-Dreyfusard papers are in the great majority. They number twenty-two. Of the two great reviews, one is for Dreyfus, so to speak, and the other is against him. Of political leaders the *Gaulois* mentions fewer men than you have fingers, and adds, "The rest, the anti-Dreyfusards, are with the nation." Of what the editor calls "les intellectuels" it appears that the Dreyfusards are George Duruy, Lavisse, Duclaux, Hervieu, Sardou, Anatole France, Rostand, Marcel Prévost, Jules Claretie, de Rodays, Perivier, Capus, Paul Meyer. The editor does not mention M. Zola in this truly formidable list. He makes his list somewhat absurd by dragging into the list of anti-Dreyfus "intellectuels" the name of the Commandant Marchand. He only discovers eight who are against Dreyfus, namely: François Coppée, Jules Lemaître, Brunetière, Vandal, Paul Bourget, Henri Houssaye, Henri Lavedan, and Bisson. He leaves us to find out for ourselves the weighty standing of the redoubtable author of *Madame Chrysanthème*, who so gallantly offered his sword—or was it merely his sympathy?—to Spain. As for the stage, says the editor of the *Gaulois*, the Dreyfusards boast the support of Bernhardt, Réjane, and the Coquelins.

Here, in the thick of the crowd which makes and which waits upon the second trial, the forces against Dreyfus almost appal me. If you have already had the news of his recondemnation, you will understand why it is so after you have read this. If the news is of his acquittal, you will appreciate how upright and inflexible have been the very commonplace-looking, rather stupid-looking officers who compose the court martial. Even here a Dreyfusard is pointed out as if he was a curiosity—and there are chances that he may prove to be a Spanish or an Italian nihilist who has shot at the police. Here, as I sit at table, the French gentlemen beside me learn that I am an Amer-



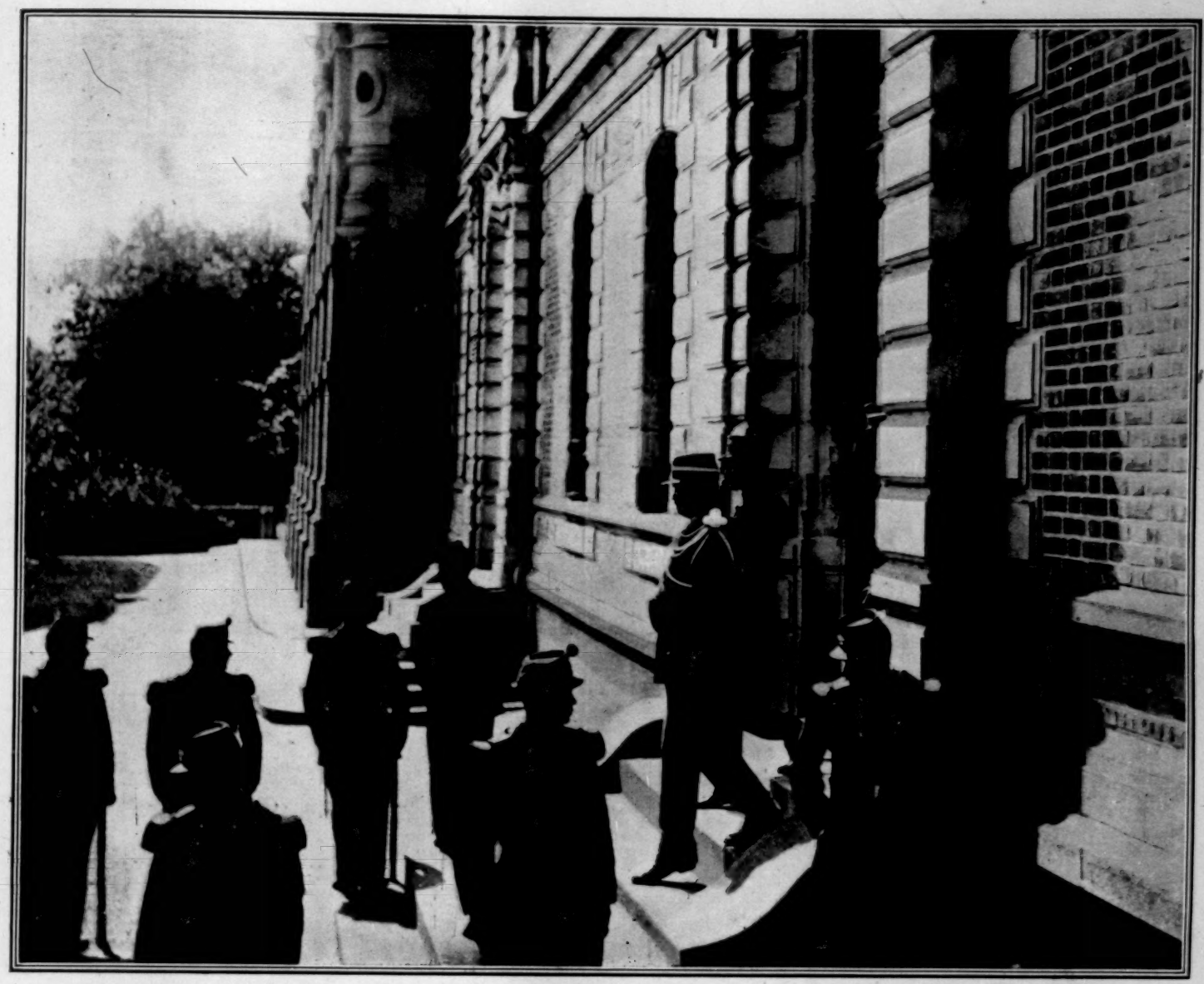
Dreyfus. Demange.

DREYFUS AND DEMANGE—THE PRISONER AND HIS SENIOR COUNSEL DURING THE FIRST SESSION OF THE COURT MARTIAL.—DRAWN FROM LIFE FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," BY GEORGES REDON, AUGUST 7, 1899.

ican, and then say: "Of course, then, you are for the Jew. It must be so, because you are of the same blood as the English, who espouse the cause of Dreyfus in order to demoralize France and destroy the *esprit* of our army." Here the Breton people, who knew nothing and cared less about the trial, are now asking their priests what it is all about. It is the priests of France who have given this case its importance, by making it the reflex of that tremendously fateful trial which took place in Palestine 1866 years ago. I do not say that they are not themselves deceived, but the fact remains.

Amid these surroundings I see Captain Dreyfus coming into court day after day with a face so strained that one sees the desperate concentration of the mind behind it. I see the sweat pour from his brow in a large, airy, only half-filled court where the rest of us are cool. I see him tug at his mustache when his hands, long used to resting on the sword of which he is deprived, do not dangle impatiently by his sides. When he has the chance I hear him talk faster than even Phillips Brooks or Gladstone could utter words. Then I know that he is trying to say, in the few moments allowed to him, all that he has been thinking of in his self-defence for more than four years. He lives in a jail where they do not let him see his wife except in the presence of a soldier, where a barrier prevents his embracing her. He has heard the names of the witnesses who are to give evidence in the case, and there is no sound of friendliness in any single name. If his conscience is clear, it must be his chief support. His only other reliance is Maître Labori, the huge, broad, towering, mastiff-like lawyer, with blue eyes that may flame or may twinkle with humor, as he wills, but with a neck such as Atlas had, and with the chin and jaw of a bull-dog.

(*Further Correspondence from Mr. Ralph will be found on Page 877.*)

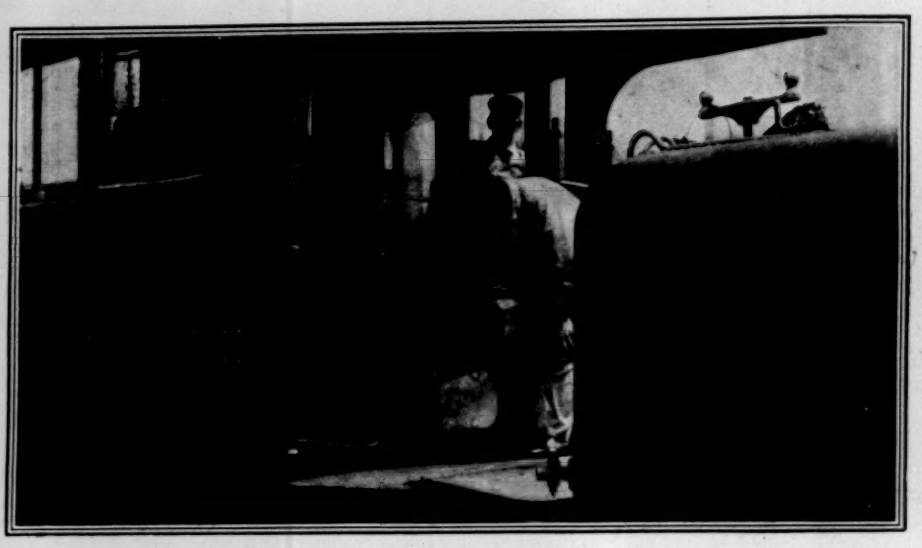


CAPTAIN DREYFUS LEAVING THE LYCÉE ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE MILITARY PRISON.

Cavaignac. General Roget. General Mercier. Lebon (former Colonial Minister). General Billot.

PROMINENT ANTI-DREYFUSARDS IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE LYCÉE.

THE DREYFUS COURT MARTIAL IN THE LYCÉE AT RENNES, FRANCE—THE FIRST DAY'S SESSION, AUGUST 7, 1899.



ENGINEER AND FIREMAN.

PASSENGER-CONDUCTOR.

Pensions for Employés

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S PLAN

PHILADELPHIA, *August, 1899.*

SIGNAL-TENDER.

IF we would fully appreciate the importance of the determination which the authorities of the Pennsylvania Railroad have reached in deciding to create a pension and superannuation fund for the benefit of the employés of the company, we must first consider these three facts: 1. The railway employés in the United States are our largest single class of working-men, whose numbers reached 874,558 in the year 1898, and the wages and salaries paid by railway companies support one-twentieth of the entire population of our country. 2. The occupation of this great class is not only dangerous, but has a well-marked tendency to make those who are engaged in it improvident. 3. In that portion of the Pennsylvania system directly affected by the new movement—*i. e.*, the portion east of Pittsburg and Erie—about 75,000 men are employed. These statements suggest at once that special consideration shown to so large a percentage must lead to improved conditions for all railway employés; it would be a mistake, however, to assume that this movement shows any radical change in the Pennsylvania's policy, for it is really the latest development in a well-established relief system.

Employés' relief organizations have existed in connection with English railways since 1850, and were established in Canada in 1873. In our own country the credit of taking the lead in this direction belongs to the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, which, on May 1, 1880, adopted the English-Canadian plan, with certain modifications. Six years later (February 15, 1886) the Pennsylvania Railroad Company formed a relief department, and then the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, the Philadelphia and Reading, and the Plant system followed suit. An excellent statement of the motives actuating the officers in these various corporations may be found in the Third Annual Report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission (page 349), where the general manager of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad is quoted as saying, in 1889: "The object of the company in establishing a relief department was to enable its employés to make provision for themselves and families, at the least possible cost to them, in the event of sickness, accident, or death. The company has established this department not only because it has the interest of its employés at heart, but because it believes that the department will serve to retain and attract a good class of employés, lessen the amount of discontent caused by improvidence, diminish the amount of litigation in cases of accident, and increase the good-will of the employés toward the company, and their confidence in the good-will of the company towards them." It will be noticed that no reference was contained in the passage cited to providing an income for the company's servants who should be retired after their day of usefulness had passed; and yet I find that in the same year, 1889, a pension system was established by the London and Northwestern.

FILLING OUT A PENSION-FUND BLANK.

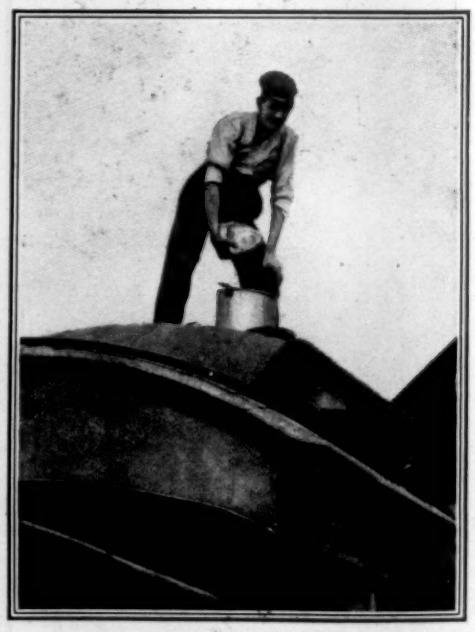
SIGNAL-TOWER MAN.

This is said in order to put the matter in its true light, and to correct an impression which might have been gathered from some of the articles on the subject—that the Pennsylvania has suddenly reached a decision to adopt an unprecedented measure in favor of its great army of workmen. It has, on the contrary, carefully matured a plan which supplements the good work of the relief fund. Its special committee, appointed by the Advisory Committee of the Relief Department, has been engaged during a number of years in the study and comparison of various systems of pensioning adopted by railways in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia. The result is not an imitation of any other system in existence, however, but consists in the addition of superannuation and pension features to the benefits afforded by its own relief fund; in a word, its relief fund has become a relief and pension institution. The advantage secured to the employés is that the company will guarantee to them a fixed life annuity upon incapacitation by age or infirmities; the benefits to the company are just the obvious ones—that it will be able to secure more efficient service by the employment of younger and more robust men in the positions made vacant in this humane fashion, and that the mutuality of interests of employer and employé will become even more evident than heretofore. The pension fund is to be established as of January 1, 1900; the company is to contribute the money, estimated at considerably over three hundred thousand dollars per annum, necessary for its operation; a board of officers, consisting of the first, second, third, and fourth vice-presidents of the company, its general manager, and assistant comptroller, has been created, and invested with full power to make and enforce rules and regulations incident to the care of the fund and its proper distribution; all employés seventy years of age and over will be considered as having attained the maximum age limit for active service, and will be retired and placed upon the pension-fund roll, while those whose ages range from sixty-five to sixty-nine years, and who, in the opinion of the fund administrators, have become physically disqualified or otherwise permanently incapacitated, after thirty or more years of service, may be either voluntarily or arbitrarily retired and pensioned—the allowance being proportioned to the wages received during a designated period preceding retirement. There has been a good deal of discussion in regard to the amount of the pension allowances, and, I may as well add, the question has been raised as to the moral effect of this comfortable assurance: Will it encourage habits of thrift, or the contrary? The officials most closely connected with the movement are of the opinion that in the main it will promote good habits: for the allowance will not be large enough to provide an easeful old age unless the beneficiary has been a member of the co-operative relief, and has saved at least a small percentage of his earnings. The company desires to emphasize the statement that employés eligible to retirement will not receive the pension allowance as a favor, nor as a charitable act on the part of the company extending it, but rather as a permanent annuity earned and merited through years of faithful, efficient, and loyal service.

Of course there is a good deal of quiet satisfaction among the men and in the board of officers in view of what is regarded as the rounding out of a system both creditable and advantageous to all the interests concerned; and the public here regards the development as characteristic of a company which has frankly found its own advantage in uncommon regard for the interests of its working-men. As an example of its practical interposition, I may repeat what Mr. Pugh, second vice-president, has told me of an effort to encourage thrift among employés who live at small outlying stations.

About six years ago, he said, the company's attention was called to the fact that some of its men were not within reach of banking facilities, and spent their money as soon as it was received, merely, or at least partly, because they had no safe place in which to put it. Accordingly the company offered to take care of these small sums, and to allow interest at four per cent., deposits being made with any local agent. In the course of six years this undertaking has become rather serious, for the sum now on deposit is two and one-half millions, from the handling and investment of which the company receives no return whatever, except indirectly, through the advantage of the depositors.

MARRION WILCOX.



ICEMAN.

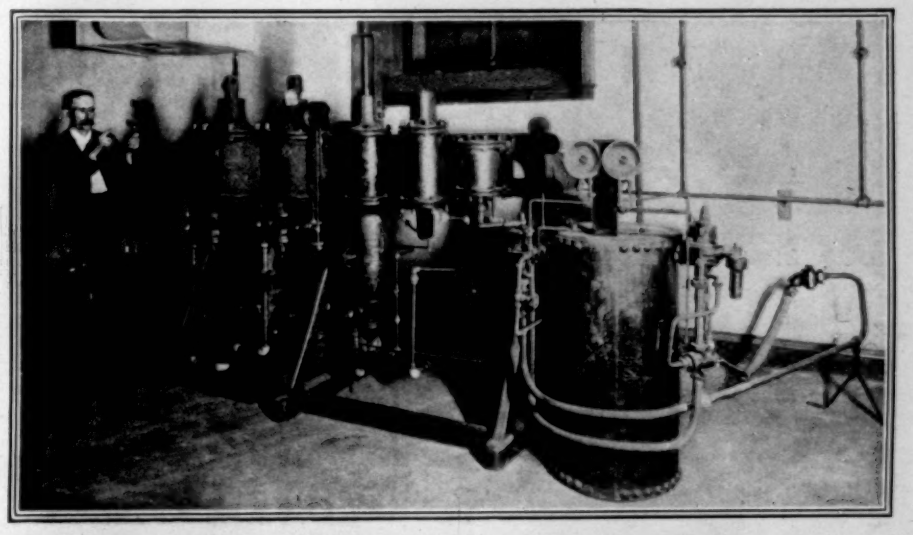
PENSIONS FOR RAILROAD EMPLOYÉS—MEN WHO WILL PROFIT BY THEM.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY W. H. RAU.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

CAR-INSPECTOR.

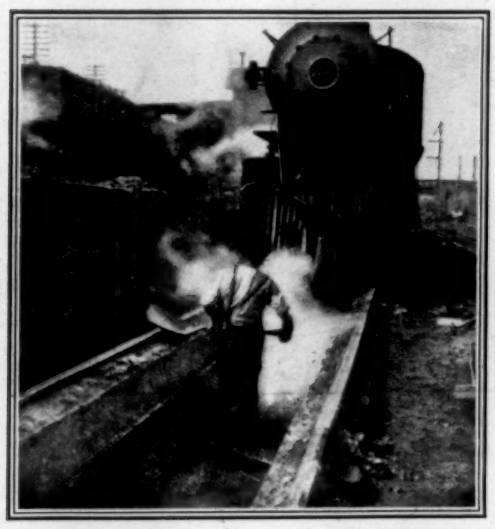
TRACK-WALKER, TIGHTENING A BOLT



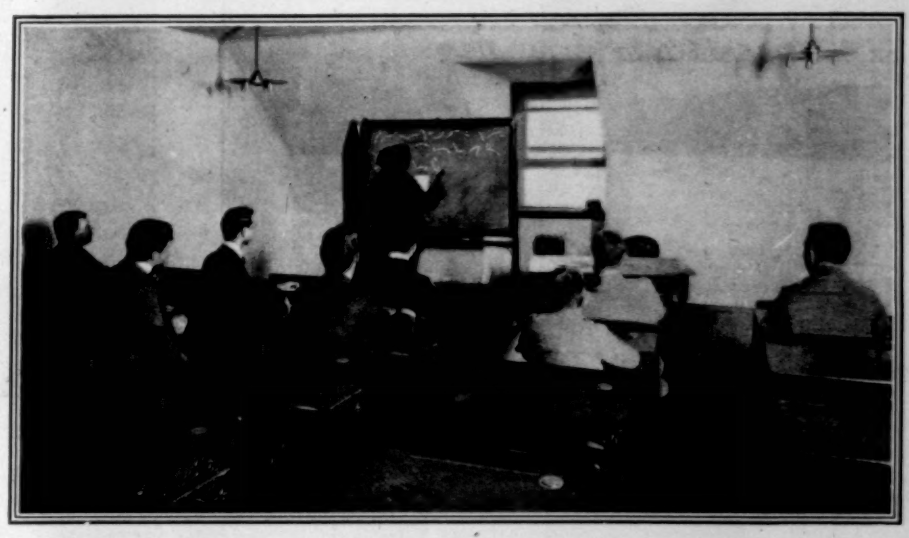
AIR-BRAKE INSTRUCTION AT THE P. R. R. Y. M. C. A.

READING-ROOM, P. R. R. Y. M. C. A.

FREIGHT BRAKEMAN.



OSTLER IN THE PIT, ROUND-HOUSE.



CLASS-ROOM, P. R. R. Y. M. C. A.

PENSIONS FOR RAILROAD EMPLOYÉS—MEN WHO WILL PROFIT BY THEM.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY W. H. RAU.

DUFFERIN TERRACE—QUEBEC'S PICTURESQUE PROMENADE OVERLOOKING THE ST. LAWRENCE.

[See Page 876]

Still Imprisoned

ON May 24, General Lawton, returning from his expedition into the enemy's country north of Manila; said that at San Isidro, the second capital of the Filipinos, which he entered May 17, he had "found the names of the *Yorktown* men on the walls of the prison." He added: "A Spanish officer we rescued told me that one of the American prisoners had been publicly flogged, receiving twenty lashes while pinned to the ground. This was his punishment for attempting to escape. Near San Isidro we found a letter written by one of the *Yorktown* men, in which he said that he and his fellow-prisoners were being cruelly treated." All of this was noted at the time as part of a story of uncommon interest, and further details may be read in the instalment of the "Diary of the Revolt" published in the Weekly dated June 10.

Photographs taken by Mr. Dinwiddie, one of the Weekly's correspondents in the Philippines, show, in addition to the "writing on the wall," the corner of the prison court-yard by the cell in which the Americans were confined, and one of the Spanish prisoners of the Filipinos who befriended the Americans, and secreted letters from them until the arrival of General Lawton's column.

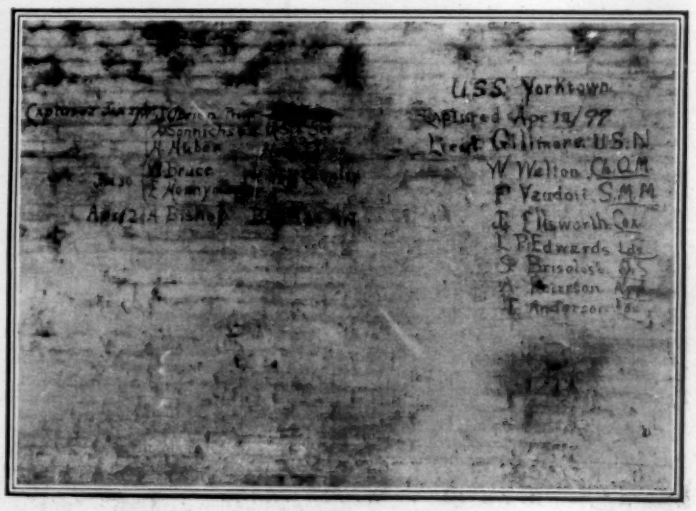
Mr. Dinwiddie writes that the American prisoners occupied a room which measured twelve by twenty feet. The *Yorktown's* boat crew, it will be remembered, fell into the hands of the enemy when the unsuccessful attempt was made to relieve the Spanish garrison at Baler, on the eastern coast of Luzon, April 12. Recent press despatches state that one-half of the party, together with a few American soldiers who share their misfortune (and it seems quite probable that these are the men whose names also are shown in the most interesting photograph), have been transferred by their captors to the Ilocos district, which is a narrow strip between the mountains and the China Sea on the northwest coast of Luzon. No thoroughly trustworthy reports in regard to their treatment have reached us; we are therefore still at liberty to believe that their savage captors have been restrained by the Tagálog code hitherto. Unfortunately, however, the situation does not admit of a more favorable view than that half-savage methods may have been substituted for mere savagery, and it is a situation which appeals most strongly to our government and our people.

Before Admiral Dewey's departure from Manila a correspondence was begun looking toward the release of these men in exchange for members of Aguinaldo's army whom our troops had captured, but it would seem now that the subject has been permitted to drop out of view.

Meantime the Spanish garrison of Baler—or rather those of the original number who were left after holding out against the besieging force for more than a year—surrendered, and were allowed to return with honor to their friends at Manila.

SEÑOR RAMON REY,
A Spanish Prisoner who befriended the American Prisoners.

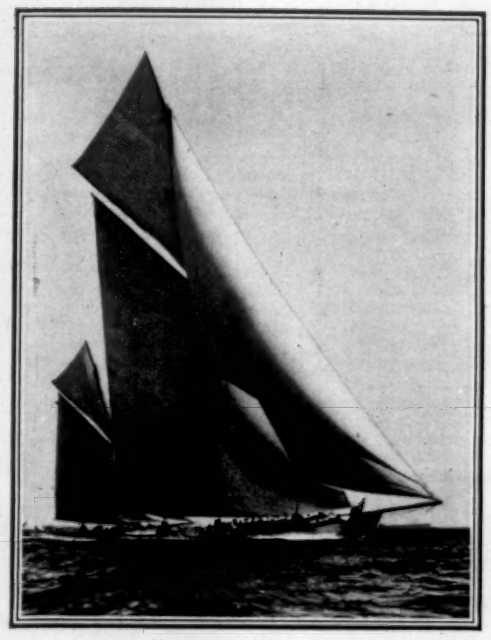
A CORNER OF THE PRISON COURT-YARD OUTSIDE THE ROOM WHERE THE MEN WERE CONFINED.



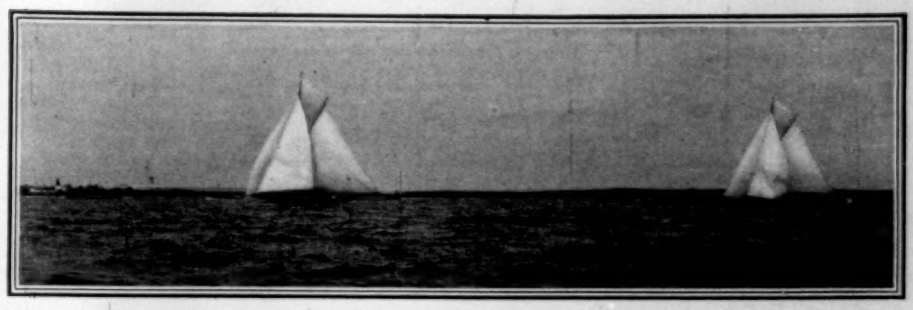
WALL OF THE PRISON AT SAN ISIDRO WHERE THE PRISONERS WROTE THEIR NAMES.

THE PHILIPPINES—A MESSAGE FROM THE "YORKTOWN" PRISONERS.

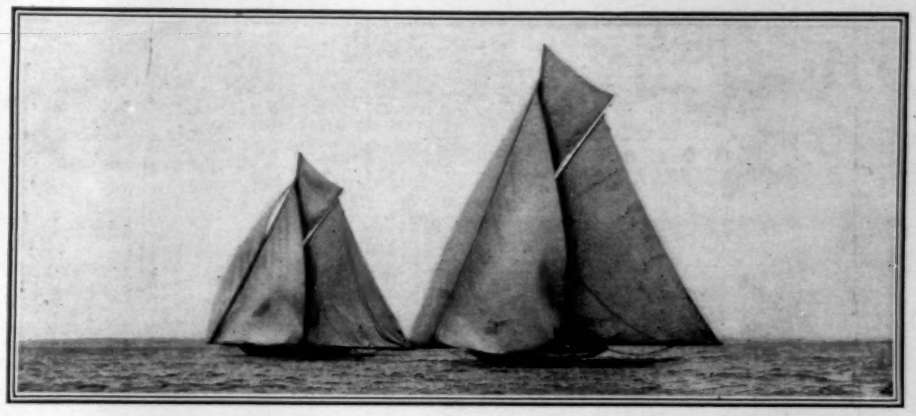
Photographs by William Dinwiddie, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."



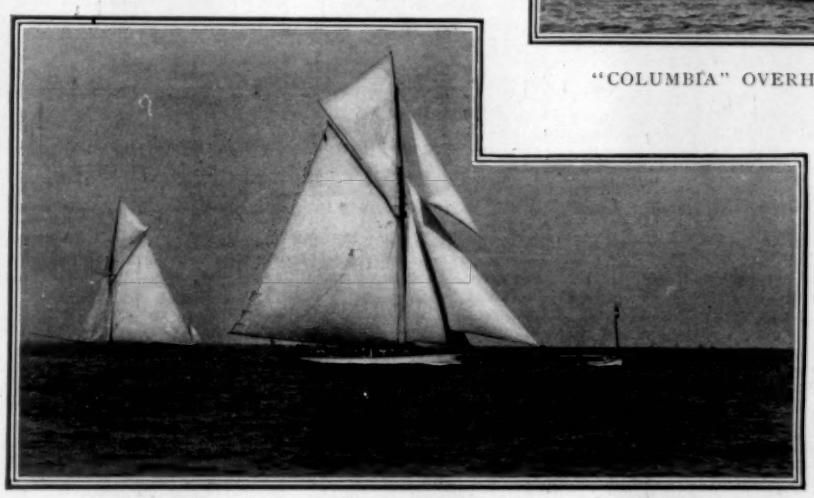
"COLUMBIA" AND "DEFENDER" MAKING FOR THE STARTING-LINE.



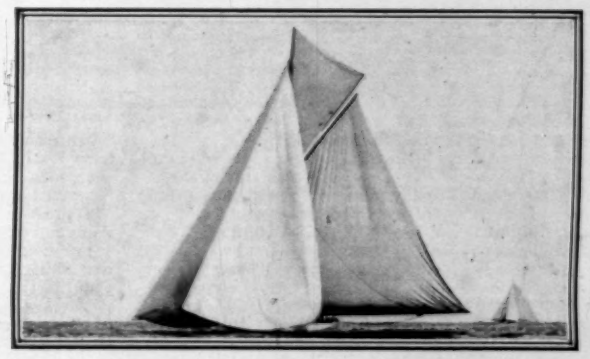
"DEFENDER" LEADING "COLUMBIA" OFF POINT JUDITH.



"COLUMBIA" OVERHAULING "DEFENDER" JUST BEFORE THE BLOCK ISLAND MARK.



"COLUMBIA" LEADING AT THE BLOCK ISLAND MARK.



"COLUMBIA" RUNNING AWAY FROM "DEFENDER" IN VERY LIGHT AIR.

AMATEUR SPORT

NEWPORT never developed a surprise more complete than the defeat of Dwight Davis by J. P. Paret for the All Comers Cup in the final round of the National lawn-tennis tournament. Nor was a loser's faults, rather than the winner's invincibility, ever so determining a factor in any final match within my recollection.

This comment, I hasten to add, is in no way intended as disparagement of Paret's play; my opinion of his steady, workmanlike, thoroughly good game is already a matter of record. But as a matter of literal fact, 'twas not Paret's game that beat Davis, so much as Davis who beat himself.

Of the 192 points credited to Paret's score, he actually earned only 44; he tallied 140 times on Davis's drives into the net and out of court. Davis, on the other hand, earned 107 of his 189 points. This explanation is not offered in excuse for Davis's defeat—he richly merited the drubbing—but to illustrate the character of the game, that some understanding may be had how one player was beaten by another whom he really outranked.

It may be said at the outset that neither at Southampton, where he was beaten by Ware, nor at Newport, where Paret brought his All Comers aspirations to a full and sudden stop, did Davis duplicate the form he displayed at Longwood, or at several other minor and earlier tournaments. It was apparent, especially at Southampton, that his strokes had lost temporarily their accuracy, and perhaps the game of no other player, not even that of Larned, falls, under such conditions, so far from its normal standard.

THE hard, fast, aggressive style of game such as Larned and Davis play—the game that seeks always to kill the ball rather than merely to return it—is certain to result in a comparatively larger proportion of netted balls than the game which contents itself with getting the ball over and relying upon the opponent's faults or waiting patiently for an opening. Therefore such a game, like the chain which is only so strong as its weakest link, is only so effective as its exponent is steady.

No living player in this country or in England could withstand the onslaught of W. A. Larned's game during its most brilliant periods—yet for six consecutive years ('92–7) he was defeated in the semi-finals or finals in the National tournament by less brilliant but steadier play. Larned was never able to sustain the pace of his severer style, and his second-grade performance, though still first-class tennis, was of no higher quality than that of several other players of his day.

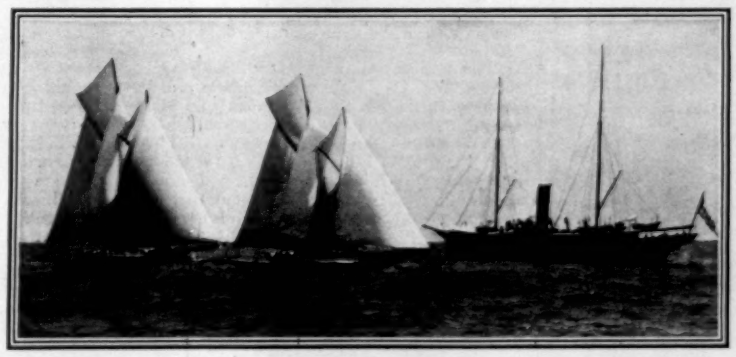
UNTIL the latter part of the present season Davis appeared to have attained the steadiness which his more brilliant sometime prototype never entirely secured. Last year at the Magnolia tournament, where he gave his most impressive exhibition prior to Newport, this feature of his work especially was prominent, and no indication to the contrary came this season until, in the Massachusetts State tournament, he was defeated by E. R. Marvin, whom any one of a given half-dozen second-class men could hold. There was ample suggestion at Newport, however, that the trait was at least latent; even before meeting Paret, disastrous evidence of its existence was supplied by his matches with the two Westerners, Bond and Collins. The struggle with both of them was unduly prolonged by Davis sending the ball repeatedly into the net in an effort to make backhand returns, which it seemed he could more easily have taken forehand.

Those who watched his play in these two matches recognized the possibility of his some time defeat by a steady, aggressive game of inferior potentiality. Nevertheless, it must be confessed his surrender to Paret was unexpected after he had disposed of Kriegh Collins in straight sets.

PARET has been playing tennis for about ten to twelve years, though not figuring in tournaments until four or five years ago, and making no impression upon results until within a couple of years. He has always played a steady game, and one that could be depended on almost invariably to represent the very limit of his skill, which before 1897 was rated at about third class. Perhaps no man in tennis has had such continuous practice; throughout the entire season, and year after year, Paret has kept at the game. No player has made more out of modest initial ability, or waited more patiently for the reward of persistent plodding.

Last year improvement in his game was distinctly apparent, and a fair ranking at the close of the season would probably have placed him at the top, or thereabouts, of the second class. This year he, Allen, Wright, Fischer, Collins, G. L. Wrenn, were regarded about of a class, with little to choose among them.

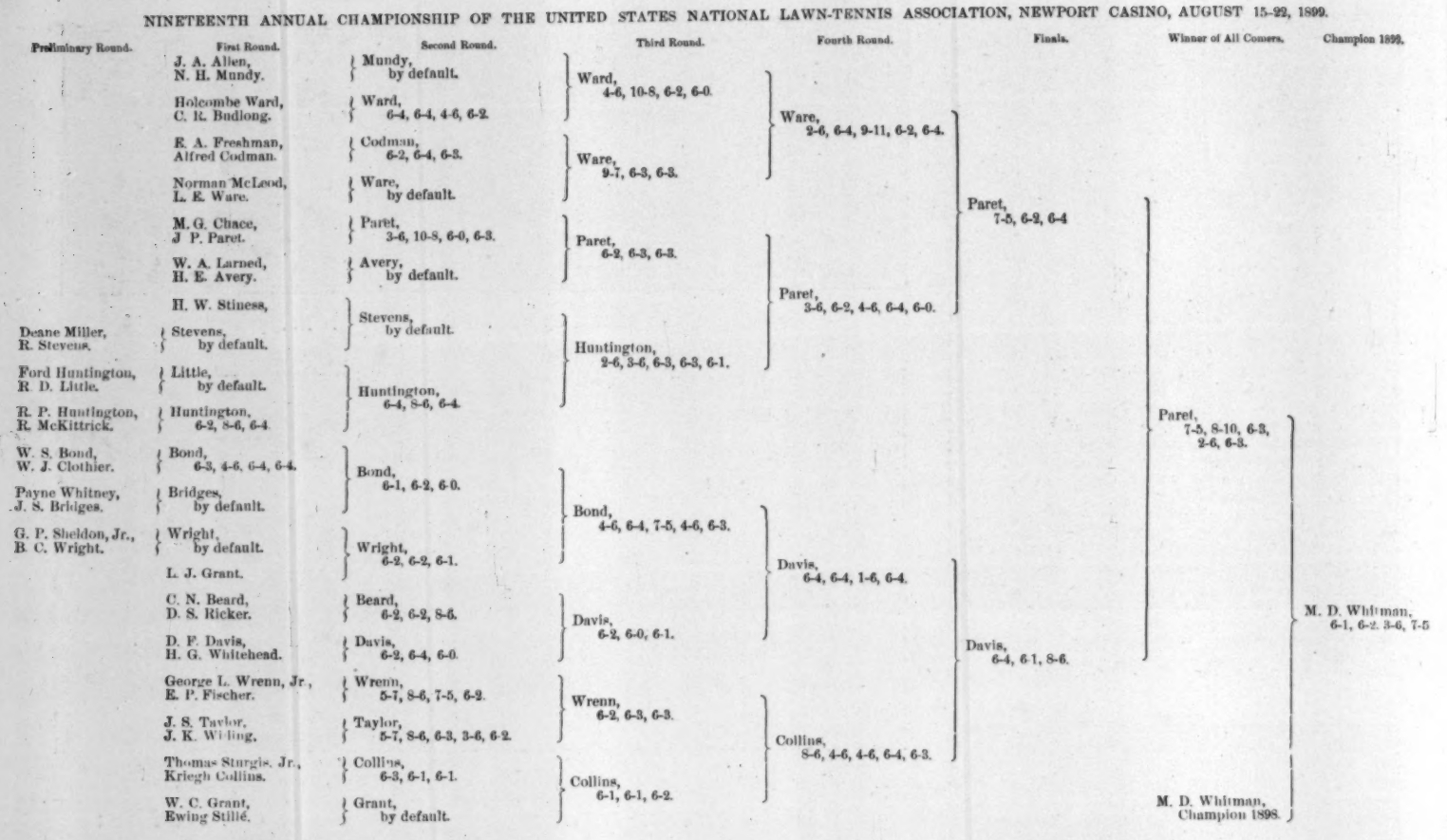
Paret began play with the opening of the '99 season, and before Newport, had beaten Bond, Fischer, Allen, Wright, and Ware; on the other hand, he had been defeated by Fischer, Allen, Hackett, Wright, Dodge, Budlong, and Stevens. The season's play suggested that Carr Neel, Ware, G. L. Wrenn, and Collins, in order named, somewhat ranked this group, while Davis easily held position at the very top of them all. Between all these and M. D. Whitman a considerable distance intervened, before Newport, and now that the championships are decided, a space equally great divides them.



"AMORITA" LEADING "COLONIA" AT THE FINISH OF THEIR VERY CLOSE RACE FOR THE ASTOR CUP.

TOUCHING several mooted questions, the National tournament furnished convincing illustration (1) that the standard of playing skill in the first class has been materially advanced within three years; (2) that, strictly speaking, there is this year but one member of the first class; (3) that there is a fully membered second class of exceeding promise; and (4) that the second class of to-day entirely

NINETEENTH ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS ASSOCIATION, NEWPORT CASINO, AUGUST 15-22, 1899.


Preliminary Round.
First Round.
Second Round.
Third Round.
Fourth Round.
Finals.
Winner of All Comers.
Champion 1899.
J. A. Allen, N. H. Mundy. — Mundy, by default.
Holcombe Ward, C. R. Budlong. — Ward, 6-4, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2.
R. A. Freshman, Alfred Codman. — Codman, 6-2, 6-4, 6-3.
Norman McLeod, L. E. Ware. — Ware, by default.
M. G. Chace, J. P. Paret. — Paret, 3-6, 10-8, 6-0, 6-3.
W. A. Larned, H. E. Avery. — Avery, by default.
H. W. Stiness, — Stevens, by default.
Deane Miller, R. Stevens. — Stevens, by default.
Ford Huntington, R. D. Little. — Little, by default.
R. P. Huntington, R. McKittrick. — Huntington, 6-2, 8-6, 6-4.
W. S. Bond, W. J. Clothier. — Bond, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4.
Payne Whitney, J. S. Bridges. — Bridges, by default.
G. P. Sheldon, Jr., B. C. Wright. — Wright, by default.
L. J. Grant.
C. N. Beard, D. S. Ricker. — Beard, 6-2, 6-2, 8-6.
D. F. Davis, H. G. Whitehead. — Davis, 6-2, 6-4, 6-0.
George L. Wrenn, Jr., E. P. Fischer. — Wrenn, 5-7, 8-6, 7-5, 6-2.
J. S. Taylor, J. K. Wiling. — Taylor, 5-7, 8-6, 6-3, 3-6, 6-2.
Thomas Sturgis, Jr., Kriegh Collins. — Collins, 6-3, 6-1, 6-1.
W. C. Grant, Ewing Stillé. — Grant, by default.
Ward, 4-6, 10-8, 6-2, 6-0.
Ware, 9-7, 6-3, 6-3.
Paret, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.
Huntington, 2-6, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3, 6-1.
Bond, 6-1, 6-2, 6-0.
Wright, 6-2, 6-2, 6-1.
Bond, 4-6, 6-4, 7-5, 4-6, 6-3.
Davis, 6-2, 6-0, 6-1.
Wrenn, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.
Collins, 6-1, 6-1, 6-2.
Ware, 2-6, 6-4, 9-11, 6-2, 6-4.
Paret, 3-6, 6-2, 4-6, 6-4, 6-0.
Davis, 6-4, 6-4, 1-6, 6-4.
Collins, 8-6, 4-6, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3.
Paret, 7-5, 6-2, 6-4
Davis, 6-4, 6-1, 8-6.
Paret, 7-5, 8-10, 6-3, 2-6, 6-3.
M. D. Whitman, Champion 1898.
M. D. Whitman, 6-1, 6-2, 3-6, 7-5

INTER-SCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

Beals C. Wright (Harvard) beat Wylie C. Grant (Columbia), 6-0, 6-2, 6-1.

CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES.

Davis and Ward, winners Eastern doubles, '99.
Allen and Hackett, winners Western doubles, '99.
Davis and Ward, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3, 6-2.
Sheldon and Ware, Champions 1898.
Davis and Ward, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3. Champions 1899.

outclasses the same class of a few years ago, and that the best of the '99 second class would displace several of the first-class names in the rankings of recent years.

I have observed an inclination among some of the old players to extol the winning game of their day at the expense of the game of to-day. But that is a weakness quite human. Every day, in one direction or another, in one game or the other, we hear sounded the praises of the "good old days"—no boys studied so hard as, in their time, did the old boys of to-day; none pulled quite so expert a stroke; none went into football with equal abandon; none kicked so far or tackled so hard; none handled yachts so cleverly—and so runs the self-laudatory story.

In point of fact, as every student of sport must know, there is not a game, in doors or out, in which the average of playing skill has not been considerably bettered in the last ten years; there is not a game, save perhaps polo, racquets, and court-tennis, at which the champions of to-day could not give the champions of six, eight, ten years ago odds and a beating. In every branch of sport the number of high-class men has increased tremendously.

PLAYING skill in lawn-tennis has made proportionate advance. It would be strange indeed if it had not. But even so, whenever a match does not result to the liking of an onlooker, he is quite apt, especially if past thirty and a one-time player, to speak slightingly of the style of play in vogue, and assure his neighbor that the game is not "what it used to be" when, say, "Dick Sears was winning" championships year after year.

Mr. Sears in his day was, in truth, invincible, and perhaps could have beaten Mr. Slocum, who (by default) succeeded him as champion in '88; but from '89 the game improved at a great pace, and each stage of its advance, as represented by a new champion, marked new development and added strength.

For example, the game Mr. Slocum played so carefully and skilfully could make no stand at all against Mr. Campbell's innovation of running to the net.

Yet I well remember the laborious argument in favor of the back-court game made by its exponents even after Campbell's successful bid for the championship in '90.

CAMPBELL'S style made a revolution in tennis, and marked the beginning of the modern play; the old game employed by Slocum and Sears was insignificant compared with its greater pace and net-work, and none followed the old method who had the skill to master the newer one. Then came R. D. Wrenn, with greater all-round skill and a harder game to beat than even Campbell had shown. And now we have Whitman, whose game at its best seems to me fully as strong, if not stronger, than Wrenn's, which is saying a great deal, for R. D. Wrenn's game was by big odds the hardest to beat of any revealed in America until this year.

The strength of the present-day game rests, in a word, in its all-round proficiency. Formerly players were prone to specialization in strokes or styles of play. The successful performer of to-day must be equally expert in back-line play as at the net; he cannot rely almost entirely, as Mr. Campbell could, upon volleying at the net to win for him; he finds opponents very nearly, perhaps fully, as good as he at that game; he must employ all strokes, and excel in the majority. Many of the strokes have been improved, notably the lob, and the service has become a great deal more severe.

M. D. WHITMAN,
National Singles Champion.

J. PARMLEY PARET,
All Comers Winner.

THE story of Davis's defeat by Paret is soon told. From first to last of the match it was a struggle for position at the net, each invariably running in on his service, and relying on volleying to win the point. Davis started off in the lead, but had not got very far (3–1) when it became evident that neither his eye nor his hand was in. Having evened the score at 3 all, Paret took the lead, to lose it and regain, and lose it again, until finally, aided by Davis's driving into the net and out of court, he scored the first set—earning only 9 of his 44 points.

The second and third sets were repetitions of the first, Davis sustaining his speed, but apparently unable to control the ball; for repeatedly, when the opportunity came to smash a lob, he drove the ball out of court. Therefore Paret lobbed often, and in his turn played aggressively, killing many balls, and showing a strong, carefully planned game that took advantage of every weakness Davis exhibited. In the third set, for example, of his 33 points, Paret earned but 3.

Davis had a relapse of his Longwood form in the fourth set, and ran it out quickly, placing accurately, and making many meritorious passes as his opponent ran to the net.

The sets now stood 2 all, and it looked as though Davis had regained his form and would win out; but the fourth-set play had been only one of those brilliant flights characteristic of this player, who has such possibilities, and yet may miss them for lack of steadiness.

DEUCE games prevailed throughout the fifth set, and play was close and exciting. For the first four games the lead alternated. Repeatedly Davis would get to within a single point of a game, when Paret, by sharp, aggressive work and Davis's returns into the net and smashes out of court, would pull up to deuce and eventually win. Several times Davis secured the vantage, but always to lose it. Paret clung to the net, and showed up cleverly in several rallies. He was not headed, and won finally by a fine backhand drive that Davis could not reach. Score—7–5, 8–10, 6–3, 2–6, 6–3.

The match showed, among other things, that aside from steadiness, Davis must add variety to his game. He has strokes enough, but his plan of campaign is too simple; evidently he relies solely on speed to overcome an opponent. He needs craft.

A study of the points earned is interesting. Paret won—on service, 3; places, 20; passes, 21; on opponent's outs, 74; opponent's nets, 66; opponent's double faults, 8—total, 192. Davis won on service, 11; places, 43; passes, 53; on opponent's outs, 39; opponent's nets, 32; faults, 11—total, 189.

WHITMAN is capable of stronger tennis than he exhibited in defence of his title. In fact, he has frequently shown better. Had he not, he would in no way be a worthy successor of the redoubtable "Bob" Wrenn. As it was, the match disclosed a tendency to nervousness not before seen in Whitman's play, and which Wrenn never displayed, no matter what the odds against him happened to be. Therefore in respect of match-playing quality, the record of the old champion continues unequalled.

In his actual play, it must be acknowledged Whitman was disappointing; he entirely failed to equal the expectations that his preliminary work had created—a standard he must consistently maintain, or else yield the distinction of being the only man in the present first class—and his judgment was not what we expect in men who have the skill to win championships. Were we to accept his game at Newport this year as the limit of his ability, certainly there would be no other conclusion than that the first-class form of '99 had deteriorated since R. D. Wrenn set the mark in '93.

There is no doubt Paret had Whitman very much worried, especially in the third and fourth sets of their match, but for no reason apparent to the knowing onlooker, for aside from his having already met and defeated Paret in Canada, the obvious difference in quality of their respective games, as clearly shown by the first two sets, should have put the champion on comfortable terms with himself.

NEVERTHELESS, Whitman was worried, and his play grew weak in proportion as Paret's gathered strength. In no respect was this more noticeable than in his lobbing, which for the most part was as poor as any seen during the week. Only once or twice during the match was this stroke used to its full advantage. The veriest tyro knows the lob is employed—sometimes to gain time to secure position—to drive the opponent from the net; yet almost invariably Whitman lobbed so short that Paret could stand at the net, and, in full command of his opponent's court, smash with freedom and profit. As Whitman is not an exceptional getter, Paret captured many points in this way.

"PRACTICAL LAWN-TENNIS."—By James Dwight, M.D.—Illustrated.—16mo, Cloth, Price $1 25.—Harper & Brothers

In his painfully manifest desire to play safe, Whitman a great deal of the time played directly into his opponent's hand. There was so long a bound to his ground strokes that Paret had ample time to handle them, and on his own return often ran to the net with good effect. Whitman confined his efforts a greater share of the time to getting the ball back, and rarely sought to kill.

During the first and second sets he showed a game more nearly approaching his best, doing effective work with brilliant backhand cuts and cleverly placed cross-court drives, as well as sharp and accurate volleying at the net. So long as he maintained this pace and Paret remained in the back court he completely outclassed his opponent, allowing him but three games in the two sets.

But a change came with the opening of the third set. Paret had discovered the hopelessness of winning a set from the back line, so he put more speed in his strokes, and ran to the net invariably on his own service and at every other opportunity. Clinging to the back line and his "safe" game, Whitman was quickly overwhelmed, Paret running to 5 love before the champion apparently realized the ineffectiveness of battledoor and shuttlecock strokes in modern tennis. Well-judged lobbing would have stopped Paret's rush, but Whitman plugged away from the base line—and lost.

EVIDENTLY Whitman had been advised, for his game at the opening of the fourth set showed some appreciation of the means needed to check his opponent's more vigorous and modern play. He left the back line, and by very good work ran the score to 4–1. Then Paret entered upon a determined effort to hold the net, and Whitman could not dislodge him by his too short lobs, before the score was 4 all. Whitman now took a game, but Paret made it 5 all before the champion seemed to realize he was in danger of losing, and showed some of the cleanest and best tennis of the day, passing Paret as he ran to the net; one fine lob, a place in the far corner of the court, and a netted smash by Paret gave the last game and the match to Whitman, who ought to have won handily in three straight. Score—6–1, 6–2, 3–6, 7–5.

A few more similar exhibitions will lose Whitman his present rank.

The points in detail show that Whitman won on service, 3; passes, 47; on opponent's outs, 42; opponent's nets, 33; opponent's double faults, 5—total 130.

Paret won on service, 0; passes, 30; on opponent's outs, 42; opponent's nets, 31; opponent's double faults, 1—total, 104.

From this summary it will be noted that, despite Whitman's adherence to the "safe" game plan of campaign, he drove the ball into the net and out of court quite as often as his opponent, who, besides being more aggressive, evinced better judgment in his method of attack.

ONE of the entertaining matches of the week was furnished by G. L. Wrenn and Fischer, two men of very even skill, whose tennis, while not having retrograded, perhaps, certainly has not improved in the last two years. They have practically stood still in the tennis world, while the second class has been passing them in the development of its game. On Wrenn's part this is due very likely to lack of opportunity to practise; with Fischer perhaps it is indifference. At all events, the result is the same.

Wrenn's steadiness and "getting" were largely responsible for his victory over Fischer, who, on occasion, was fairly brilliant at the net and on his short ground strokes; but after a while he wearied, and his game grew unsteady.

Budlong is another whose game has stood still—he was beaten at all points, except strictly back-line play, by Ward.

QUITE the most interesting match of the All Comers tournament was that between G. L. Wrenn and Collins, which proved the latter to be one of the very best of the second class. If he had more speed in his strokes, and especially a severer service, Collins has possibilities in his game that would put him next to Whitman. He is a good getter, has an invariable and very strong forehand, and plays with more head than any man seen at Newport this year save Paret. His backhand is not nearly so strong.

His exhibition against Wrenn, after the latter had him 2 sets to 1, was praiseworthy and clever. At the net and from the centre of the court he showed his best game, which was strong enough for him to earn 83 points on placed balls, to his opponent's 59. Wrenn played a fair game too—the best he has shown this season (though below that of two years ago), being especially strong in his service and in lobbing, and driving fewer balls into the net than his opponent, both sending a like number out of court.

But Collins quite outpointed him, and won entirely on the merit of his play.

Subsequently Collins played with equal strength and judgment against Davis, but the speed-lacking quality of his game rendered it futile against Davis, whose great pace, on the other hand, made havoc of the defence of the erstwhile singles champion of the West. Even so, the steadiness of Collins's game was noticeable; he did not net so many balls as his opponent, and drove only six more out of court during the match; but Davis won 53 points on places and 9 on service, to 34 and 2 earned by Collins.

Yet another struggle of interest was that between Ward and Ware. On the real merit of the best play the two have shown, Ware is two sets in three better; but he required five sets at Newport, and appeared to win out more through superior physical endurance than superior play. Ward's game is a hard one to beat; if he continues improving, he should be well ahead of Ware at the close of next season.

The Inter-scholastic tourney resolved itself into a single match between Wright and Grant, the former easily winning. Neither the Yale (Miller) nor Princeton (Thompson) representative put in an appearance, a failure that spoiled this feature of the annual championships and reflected no credit on the sportsmanship of the absentees.

NOT the least pleasing feature of the National tournament, which, all in all, may be written down as having been sport-giving and interesting, was the smaller entry list than has usually obtained. Much fewer sent in their names this year than heretofore, and several of those who had entered company too swift for them had the good sense to default in the first round.

This resulted in more evenly matched pairs than has been habitual with early Newport rounds, and greatly increased the interest. If now further weeding will reduce still more the number of starters so they do not exceed thirty, the best interests of the game will be served.

There have never yet been thirty players in one year in this country entitled to start in a championship—but let that pass. What we need is a tournament that will be interesting from first to last, and that will be opened Monday and closed Saturday.

The management this year was not good—despite the diligent and persistent sounding of its praises by interested reporters. All matches suffered for linesmen, and even the ones scheduled for the championship court were, with few exceptions, inadequately and poorly equipped in this respect. Some patent and most annoying blunders were made, which, in at least one instance that came under my eyes, no doubt influenced the final result. Moreover, in a National event it would seem the Association might provide two men to do the umpiring and scoring, instead of imposing both duties on one man.

It is sincerely to be regretted that malarial ills, left over from Santiago campaigning, kept W. A. Larned and R. D. Wrenn from playing at Newport, for both, at top form, could have beaten the game disclosed by any man save Whitman in the tournament, and Wrenn unquestionably could defeat the kind of play which defeated Paret.

PLAY for the doubles championship developed no interesting feature at any stage, except the very fair stand Allen and Hackett made under the twofold handicap of a besplinted ankle and an initial game much inferior to that of their opponents.

In the match against the Eastern doubles winners, Allen and Hackett, with the former's hurt ankle did not of course play up to their usual standard, but they were nearly as strong at the net, and Hackett quite outdid himself. There was less lobbing and more fast volleying in fact, than usually seen in doubles, and the latter pair were quite superior in this play. It is curious that though really so good in doubles, Hackett is not at all promising in singles, his ground strokes being stiff and poor. In the first set Davis was very wild and lost his side many points. In fact, Ward was the most serviceable member of the team all through the match, his ground strokes and low volleying at the net being notable. They lost the first set by their own poor play; but when they struck their gait in the remaining sets, no difficulty in winning was experienced.

Sheldon and Ware made inconsiderable defence of their title, the former playing the weakest game he has shown at Newport. In fact, both these young men, who ought to be in the prime of their tennis careers, have fallen off very considerably, Sheldon irretrievably so, apparently, and Ware, who gave such promise, has been quite passed by those whom he outranked even during his novitiate. After the Newport exhibition we must in truth, yet with regret, place them both among the "also ran," until evidence is forth-coming of a return to form more promising.

Tennis compels postponement to next week of comment on athletic championships and L. A. W. Racing control. CASPAR WHITNEY.

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The World of Finance

THE annual reports for a number of the important railroad companies have been issued, and the complete returns of earnings, gross and net, of nearly all have been published, there remaining only minor details to be ascertained to make up the accounts of the fiscal year that ended June 30 last. The figures give ample explanation for the advance in values that has occurred in the stock-market, while the increases in earnings, even over the high-water mark of the past, that are being shown now every week, together with the assured outlook for future business, justifies the confidence of the investors and the operators who look for profits in an advancing market. It is fortunate that the buying has been less enthusiastic in character than that which last spring brought on inflation that must always end in collapse. Now there are two parties at work in the speculative market, and the bearish element, when not too powerful, constitutes always a steadying influence. There has been less anxiety in regard to the money-market, because of the shading off of the rate for time loans, and because the belief in the estimates of the supply of money in the West has been strengthened by advices from many of the important Western cities.

The good condition of the market was shown very clearly in the manner in which the break in Brooklyn Rapid Transit was received. The publication of the report of that company for the past fiscal year was the signal for heavy selling of the stock, as was natural, for the figures were distinctly disappointing, and came far short of the predictions of the friends of the property, especially as it was pointed out that all of the surplus came from the premiums on bonds sold. Other traction stocks broke sharply in sympathy with this one-time favorite, but the incident was soon forgotten in the general market, and was followed by renewed buying of meritorious stocks. Of Brooklyn Rapid Transit it may be well to say that better results may with reason be expected in future, when the system is more compact.

There have been quite heavy buying orders from the other side for our stocks, particularly some in which large interests have been long held abroad. One of these was Northern Pacific common stock, the demand for which was accompanied with intimations that the holders would receive more than two per cent. out of the earnings of the current fiscal year. This does not seem unlikely, in view of the earnings of the company since its reorganization and the prospects for the coming season. Indeed, it is not at all improbable, though the subject has not been formally discussed in the board of directors, that the stock will shortly receive its dividends quarterly instead of semiannually. New York, Ontario, and Western has not shared to the full extent the advance of the anthracite coal shares, but of this, too, there has been some recent buying for London account. The demand was said to have been based on the increased volume of business since the acquisition of new coal lands, and upon the expectation that the directors would consent to a dividend on the common stock, which is tied up in a voting trust until they shall take such action. There were also rumors that the much-talked-of plan for reclassification of the stock might be adopted. There are only fifty shares of the old preferred stock outstanding, the rest having been exchanged into bonds, though it is held alive under the voting trust, and elects eight out of thirteen directors until a dividend shall have been paid on the common. The annual meeting of the company will be held on September 27. Foreign buying also helped along an advance in Norfolk and Western shares, but here no adequate explanation was given, the only rumor being that progress was making in the efforts to harmonize the bituminous coal interests, of which we wrote a little while ago. In general it may be said that the market has broadened very much.

The failure of the committee of unlisted securities to act post-haste on the application to remove the American Steel and Wire stocks to the regular list checked speculation in those stocks. This was natural, but it was not fair to interpret non-action as a condemnation, for it is only the part of prudence that the committee should have all the information obtainable before deciding so important a matter, and their request for fuller details was not an unusual one. The industrial list, if we except American Sugar Refining and Tennessee Coal and Iron, has been comparatively quiet. The action of the directors of the Consolidated Gas Company in reducing the quarterly dividend on the stock to one per cent. surprised those only who had been thoughtless enough to expect that the dividend would be passed altogether, and sold the stock short on that theory. Such a step would mean that the stock would be sold by all corporations that make it a rule to buy no stocks that have not paid dividends for the three years preceding their purchase, and thus would inflict needless injury upon numbers of private holders. The end of the gas war is not now in sight, perhaps, but it will come, in all human probability, before a suspension of dividends by the Consolidated Gas Company.

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THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE American in Germany, whose views about the Germans at home were quoted in the WEEKLY for August 19, had received impressions of Germans and German civilization which it is not unusual for Americans to imbibe. Readers who are dissatisfied with those views, and think them unduly disparaging, will find the whole subject discussed by Professor Hugo Münsterberg in the September *Atlantic*. Professor Münsterberg does not wholly acquit the German system of the faults that the WEEKLY's correspondent imputed to it. Germany, he says, needs more sense of initiative and of responsibility in its individuals. But he insists that the Germans and the Americans do not know each other, and that in spite of all the Germans who come to America to live, and of all the Americans who go to Germany to study, the information about life and people and institutions which passes between the two countries is very misleading, and constantly gives the Americans false impressions of the Germans, and *vice versa*. "They do not like each other," he says, "because they do not regard each other as gentlemen. The American thinks the German servile and reactionary, narrow-minded and narrow-hearted [which is very much the sentiment our correspondent expressed]; the German thinks the American greedy and vulgar, brutal and corrupt."

Professor Münsterberg thinks that he really knows both the Germans and the Americans, and though he sees grave imperfections in both, he assures us that we would like one another much better if we were more accurately informed and intimately acquainted. Moreover, in view of current events, he thinks it of high importance that we should be better informed and acquainted. All speed to that good work in so far as it is necessary and feasible, though, truly, to many of us the notion that there is an anti-German sentiment of importance in this country, or that we don't like Germans, is an idea that has much novelty about it.

THE New York *Sun*, in its issue for August 20, printed an elaborate and detailed description of the scope and processes of hazing at West Point. It is wise to take newspaper reports of what occurs among the cadets at West Point with extreme caution, but this piece in the *Sun*, though it may convey a worse impression than its facts warrant, bears unusual marks of truthfulness and accuracy. It draws a disgusting picture of brutal and cowardly behavior, for the hazing it describes is brutal, and the system of etiquette which permits upper classmen to rely on the honorable reticence of their victims for their own immunity from punishment, is certainly cowardly. A cadet who will torture a plebe until he faints or falls into convulsions, and then rely on that plebe's honor not to betray him, may still think himself a gentleman, but it is hard for the normal mind to conceive by what mental processes he escapes the realization that he is a blackguard. Under the system that exists he takes no great risk. His victim can neither resist nor appeal, but is helpless. Whatever the cadet code of honor may be, the lad who finds pleasure in causing extreme physical distress to a helpless person may fairly be expected to mature into the sort of gentleman who makes his wife black his boots. We know that the officers of the army, as a rule, are not gentlemen of that description, and it is impossible not to infer that the cadets who lend themselves to the more brutal forms of hazing are exceptional persons. The wonder is that the public sentiment of the corps does not keep them within bounds.

The authorities at the Military Academy seem very solicitous to root out the hazing habit, but rather at a loss for effectual means to do it. Oddly enough, it has not occurred to them to board the yearling class through the summer months at Sing Sing, where the State of New York would doubtless find room for them if Uncle Sam desired it.

THE strong sentiment in the North against wholesale lynching in the South seems, after all, to be not without value to strengthen the hands of the Southern men who are trying to put lynching down. The newspapers report that on August 16 Senator Tillman, in a speech at Greenwood, South Carolina, pitched into the White Cappers who had been abusing negroes in that county.

> The Yankees (said he) are watching us close, and will take advantage of everything of this kind to abuse the South. You are just playing into the Yankees' hands.
>
> Why, just look at that Jewett woman coming down here and taking away the nigger postmaster's family. She comes from Boston, head and centre of all devilment. The Yankees are ready to take up any such devilry as this White Capping business, and you people ought to put a stop to this.

Tillman is a man of energy and courage, whatever else may be said of him. If he will fight the lynchers and White Cappers hard on their own ground, we shall not mind his calling Boston names. As a matter of fact, there is far more of solicitude for Southern welfare than of hostility to the South in the Northern opposition to lynching; but Tillman may have his way about that too, if only he will fight the lynchers.

AN account of a runaway accident, in a contemporary New York newspaper of good repute for its English, is headed, "Runaway Smashes Three Rigs." The narrative records how Peter Wilkins's frightened horse "bumped into Wolf Munskey's two-seated rig" and upset it, throwing out four Munskeys, and then collided with James O'Brien's wagon and threw out O'Brien and his wife. It notes finally that "all three of the rigs were badly smashed, but none of the horses was seriously cut."

Whatever is a "rig"? Is it a horse and wagon, or simply a wagon? If the latter, is it any particular sort of wagon? Is a cab a rig, with or without the horse? Is a bicycle a rig? Is an automobile, or a street-car, or a locomotive-engine, or a traction-engine, or a perambulator a rig?

The word is not new or uncommon in the mouths of citizens of this country, but if it is to be accepted as a reputable part of the American language, fit for ordinary use in stories sold for publication in tolerably fastidious newspapers, we ought to try to find out just what it means and what its advantages are. If it merely means wagon, let us stick to wagon.

Apropos of names for vehicles, "F. W. H.," in a letter to the WEEKLY, suggests "moteret" as a better name for a horseless vehicle than an "automobile." He would have us say "cab-motoret," "hansom-motoret," "landau-motoret," etc., thereby describing the particular vehicle we have in mind.

"Motoret" is not a bad word. Will the public accept it?

REFERENCE was made some time since in the WEEKLY to the case of Lord Overtown of Glasgow, a man so prominent in evangelical movements that he was called the foremost layman in the Free Church of Scotland. He is a very rich man, and active in religious and philanthropic work, and has been especially prominent in the successful fight against Sunday newspapers in Great Britain. Keir Hardie lately charged in the *Labor Leader* that in his chemical works Lord Overtown worked many of his employees on Sunday, and worked his people longer hours and paid them lower wages than other manufacturers in the same business. These assertions seemed serious to some of Lord Overtown's fellow-Presbyterians, and there has been a great fight over them. It was insisted that he should meet the charges made, and the Presbytery of Glasgow endorsed the demand. He made response, but many of the ministers were not satisfied with it, and one returned him in an open letter fifty pounds given for the enlargement of a church. The upshot of the controversy is (according to the Chicago *Tribune*) that Sunday labor in the chemical works has been stopped and the hours of labor reduced, so that apparently an important work of discipline has been perfected.

PROFESSOR W. D. ATWATER, the government expert, whose recent experiments to determine the effects of alcohol upon the human system attracted so much notice, has been called in by the New York State Lunacy Commission to help determine the amount of food that the State should provide for the insane persons of whom it takes charge. The experiments which the professor is making to this end are still in progress, and no formal report of their results has yet been published, but it is disclosed that he thinks that by following a more scientific method of feeding the insane their health may be materially improved, and from ten to thirty per cent. of the $1,200,000 now expended by the State for their subsistence may be saved.

Dr. Atwater says the American people, as a rule, eat too much. His conclusion will be welcomed in New York, where the price of meat has just gone up about two cents a pound. We will gladly eat less and save money, provided the abatement of food does not diminish the strenuousness of our endeavors to make a living.

MEDITATION on the greatness of the great interior cities of the United States suggests the expediency of making the grand tour of North America a more common detail of the education of young Americans. It is a time-honored practice of well-to-do American families to send their youths abroad after leaving college, that they may see the world, and learn at least what it looks like for young men. To undertake systematically a grand tour of the United States is less common. Yet every year the advantages of such a tour for purposes of education grow greater, and the pleasures of it more attractive. Every year our big cities grow bigger and contain more that is worth looking at. The tour of the lakes has come to be a very popular journey. The Buffalo fair will increase travel in that direction, and doubtless the St. Louis fair will draw hosts of people to the Mississippi Valley. But comprehensive and systematic investigation of the United States as a detail of the education of an American youth is still rare. It would be instructive to reckon the number of men who live in New York who know that town and Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, London, and Paris pretty well, but have never seen and never will see San Francisco, Denver, Omaha, St. Paul, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, New Orleans, or Charleston.

THE great fighting-man of the hour is M. Labori. "The generals all fear Labori," runs the newspaper headline. "Do you note," writes a lawyer, "what a sporty profession the law is becoming?" Sporty it is undoubtedly in France, in so far as Labori represents it. When he is shot down, the men of war lift their timid heads and rearrange their bogus testimonies. When he gets out of bed and comes back to court, it happens as the newspaper says: the generals all show their trepidation. Perhaps if we had a Dreyfus case in this country it would take away the reproach that law, at least in New York, is no longer a profession, but has come to be a business.

In the absence of a Dreyfus case, which really we do not lament, it is interesting to note that the Carter case has lately been heard from, and that there is a prospect that the revisions and reconsiderations of it may be concluded during Captain Carter's lifetime.

WILLIAM E. CURTIS, the newspaper correspondent who has been to Panama, reports himself astonished at the progress that has been made on the canal. The successors of the De Lesseps company who are now at work, are working, he says, with economy and efficiency, and are making steady progress. They have not got money enough to carry the work through, but they hope to go so far as to inspire the confidence of capital somewhere, and get the backing they require. The work now in progress is on the ridge, 500 feet above the sea level, midway across the isthmus. The ditches dug in De Lesseps's time, nine or ten miles long on each side of the isthmus, lie for the time being as they were left. There is far less sickness than there used to be, for the care of the workmen, who are chiefly negroes from Jamaica, is very much better than it was. The canal as it stands is valued at $92,000,000, and it is estimated that it will require $98,000,000 to finish it. When finished it will be about forty miles long, and will have five locks. Although the property as it stands is valued at nearly one-half of the cost of the completed work, it is not more than one-fifth finished. Congress has sent a commission to examine it and also the Nicaragua route, and help our Uncle Sam make up his mind which waterway to rely on.

MUCH interest attaches to the theory of Dr. Clendennin that the burning of St. Peter's Church in Westchester was the outcome of animosities stirred by the conflict over the ordination of Dr. Briggs. The church is the one in which Bishop Potter at first proposed that Dr. Briggs should be ordained. Dr. Clendennin remonstrated, and the ordination took place elsewhere. Dr. Clendennin's course was very unacceptable to some persons, and he received threatening and abusive letters in consequence of it. The burning of the church was followed by an attempt to burn the rector's barn on the Greeley farm at Chappaqua, so that there is little doubt that both fires were incendiary, and both inspired by hostility to Dr. Clendennin. It is not improbable that these mischiefs were done by some person of ill-balanced mind, whose faculties were left in worse case than usual by the Briggs controversy. Dr. Clendennin's notion that the fires were set by some fanatical Broad-Churchman is more ludicrous at first thought than on deeper consideration. The churchmanship of an incendiary, however, is of little significance. There is no theology in church-firing nor in barn-burning. It is a case not for conventions, but exclusively for the police.

THE competition instituted by Mrs. Hearst for an architectural plan for the University of California is to be settled at a meeting of the jury of architects which begins on September 1 in San Francisco. This whole undertaking, which has now been several years in progress, is highly interesting. There was first a competition to which the architects of all the world were eligible, which was decided at Antwerp last summer by the selection of eleven plans which seemed the best. The architects who drew these plans are now the competitors at San Francisco. Six of them are Americans. The five jurymen who make the decision are R. N. Shaw, of England; J. L. Pascal, France; Paul Wallot, Germany; Walter Cook, New York; and J. B. Reinstein, San Francisco. They were all expected to be in San Francisco by September 1.

The general understanding is that the plans now under consideration provide for the arrangement and character of all the buildings the University of California is likely ever to want. Their scope includes the whole material development of the university. Mrs. Hearst has paid for the competition, and the expectation is that when the winning plans have been settled upon she and other opulent Californians will provide the means to carry them out, to such an extent at least as the present interests of the university require.

THERE are at least forty cities in North America that exceed Quebec in population, but very few that match her in distinction. Every one admits that Quebec is worth visiting, and so great is her renown that the average reader can recite a fair list of her attractions off-hand. One of them is the Terrace, which appears in Mr. Perard's picture in this issue of the WEEKLY. When the red signs on the trolley-cars which run up and down the hills and in and out of the winding streets of Quebec say, "The band will play on the Terrace to-day," Quebec takes notice, and in due time goes to the Terrace.

The Terrace is the promenade of the city. It is a planked walk sixty feet wide and a quarter of a mile long, overlooking the lower town, 200 feet below. Beyond and lower still stretches a broad surface of the St. Lawrence, with high cliffs on its opposite bank dotted with pretty French villages. In the distance rise range after range of the Laurentian Mountains, till their blue tops fade far off into the blue sky.

When the band plays at sunset the crowd is as picturesque as the place. Thomas Atkins from the Citadel is there in force, swagger-stick in hand and cap on the corner of his head, clean and trim—for the sergeant's eye has dwelt upon him even though he is off duty. He gives color to an assembly which includes officers of the garrison, a few priests in black robes, French Canadians, British Canadians, tourists. What other town in America turns out a crowd so various, so picturesque, and so significant? There is history behind every figure of it—history of the liveliest interest, history past and prospective.

The Dreyfus Trial

SHOOTING OF MAÎTRE LABORI

(*Continued from page 866.*)

RENNES, *August 15.*

THE unlooked-for sobriety in the procedure of the Dreyfus court martial was shattered on the sixth day by an explosion of pent-up spirit on the part of the prisoner; on the seventh day, by the startling report of the pistol fired by Maître Labori's would-be assassin. It has come to few living journalists to experience the tension produced on Saturday by the cold and cutting remark of General Mercier which goaded the unfortunate captain of artillery to shatter the etiquette of his position and fling a fitting answer back in the face of his persistent and relentless prosecutor. One needs the scene reproduced, as in a picture made with a few bold strokes, in order to comprehend its effect upon those who were in the background.

The court was drowsy. Along the line of seven gold-decked officers, each behind his shining gold-embroidered cap, with its gaudy plumes rising like so many bunches of tropical flowers, one was seen to be staring at the ceiling, another was impatiently pulling at his mustache, a third was fumbling some papers, as if to try to hide his lack of interest in what the chief witness for the prosecution was saying. President Colonel Jouaust was looking at the witness, but it seemed as if a glaze had come over his eyes, so that he looked without seeing. This was because General Mercier had disappointed the "patriots" who believe Captain Dreyfus guilty, and had tired the others whose faith is pinned upon the prisoner's innocence. He had been talking for two hours or more, and had not said even one sentence, or added an iota of evidence, or brought out a single point that had not been threshed out and out and out in the previous proceedings, both secret and public. If I seem mistaken it is in order to be generous to the witness, for though he made some new points of minor importance, it is as well not to dwell upon them. He said, for instance, that the handwriting of the "bordereau" was peculiar to the Dreyfus family; Matthieu Dreyfus wrote the same hand; so did Captain Dreyfus; "*so did* Madame Dreyfus."

General Mercier went on and on. The sun shifted from above the Lycée, until its rays fell upon the side of the building which had at first been in shadow. Captain Dreyfus had come into the hall with a springy step in which there seemed a revival of youth. But now he sat as rigid as a carving, staring at the large white figure upon the jet cross, as both sank deeper and deeper into the shadow which darkened the recess behind the court martial. Suddenly General Mercier turned toward the white-haired, submissive-looking prisoner, whose companions of only four years ago speak of his having then been unsympathetic, haughty, overbearing—conditions it is now hard to associate with the same man. Fixing the prisoner's eyes with his own, the general said, in effect, that if there had been any irregularity in the proceedings of the first court martial he would have said so.

Instantly Captain Dreyfus's body shot to the edge of his chair, while, as with the same movement, his right arm darted forward as if it might reach the witness ten feet away.

"That is what you should have said! That is what you should have said!" the prisoner cried, with a voice that was almost a scream.

The five hundred men who were in the room sprang to their feet, and applause broke from the majority, only to be instantly silenced by the president of the court. There was a pause, during which General Mercier seemed the only man wholly unaffected by the prisoner's vehemence and confidence in his position. General Mercier, by-the-way, is a man to be remarked among ten thousand, so almost melancholy is his long, thin, sallow face, so set are his features in the lines we associate with pain or grief too long endured. Presently, still facing the prisoner and looking at him, this pertinacious adversary spoke again, saying that if he believed Dreyfus's guilt were not proved, or that he were innocent, he would say so to his face.

Again, with a suddenness which surprised the audience, and with a high-keyed voice which thrilled us all like the shock of an electric current, the prisoner darted forward, shot forth his right arm and its widespread hand, and shouted,

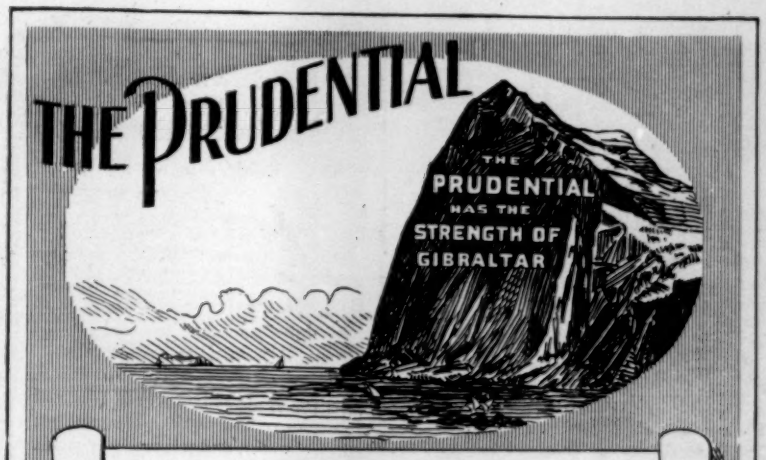
"And so you shall, general!"

The court sat but five minutes longer, but these were minutes of wild confusion. Ex-President Casimir-Perier was on his feet demanding an early chance to confute some of the general's statements, the woful-looking witness was gathering his papers and preparing to leave the platform, the audience was seething with suppressed emotion, and high above every one in the hall towered Maître Labori, who was addressing the court. Had he died at the assassin's hand yesterday, a statue of him just as he was last seen in that hall would have impressed all beholders as long as it lasted. Among all the hundreds seen daily in the Lycée, though some are among the great men of France, there is no such figure as his. He is a giant in frame and stature, as ruddy as ripe fruit, wearing his thick light hair like a curtain over his brow, as the Saxon kings and warriors wore theirs. He has the neck of a bull, the jaw of a lion, the shoulders of a lesser Atlas. And yet his eyes are kindly as well as kindling, and blue as the skies of Provence. I think of him with both respect and admiration when I liken him to an enormous mastiff, loose-jointed, rolling in gait, good-humored, and gentle—till his duty (or his principles) stirs him to battle, when, if he recovers, we shall find him still the mastiff, with the mastiff's other qualities of grit and courage.

The general and the ex-President turned away, the gold-braided court donned its caps and filed out, the line of boyish artillerymen in the back of the hall stood at "present arms," and then—bedlam broke loose. Three hundred Dreyfusards mounted the reporters' desks, and hooted and groaned at General Mercier. He took his carriage, and as he rolled through an equally numerous band of his countrymen, they cheered him. When the ex-President followed, they cheered for France. For at least half an hour after this they remained in the street, cheering the army. Thus began the period of strain and excitement which is still enduring in Rennes, and perhaps is waxing in intensity. It is not the Rennais who share it or encourage it. It is the excitement of the hundreds of Parisians who are here, and of no others.

On the next morning of the trial, as I was on my way to court, there came bounding along the street a man of six feet and four inches and of heavy build, before whom the soldiers on guard fell away as if they were straws. "*Maître Labori est blessé!*" he shouted as he ran. He pointed before him, and I ran. Before me ran a stout Frenchman, who cried out again and again as he sped onward, "Assassin! assassin!" Gendarmes on horseback overtook and passed us. The houses vomited people. In all the windows over our heads were men and women in their sleeping-clothes; for it was not yet half past six o'clock. On and on and over a little arch spanning a canal we ran, and presently we came upon the prostrate figure of a giant—*the* giant of the French legal arena—with his blue-clad legs all whitened with the dust of the road. His wounded back was exposed, for he lay upon his side. His head was in the lap of his wife, who stroked his thick thatchlike blond hair and talked to him soothingly, oblivious of the gaping crowd around her. I saw the magnificent man twist his body so that he could look up at her with his great melting blue eyes. His lips moved. Fearful lest I should hear what was sacred to her ears alone, I moved and busied myself in gathering from the trembling eye-witnesses the details of the startling crime. The story they had to tell is already an old one in America, but a possible effect of this causeless wanton piece of cruelty may not be known to you. It is simply that the shooting of the champion of Dreyfus may prove the turning-point in the wavering mind of the majority upon the question of the prisoner's guilt. When the trial opened, I wrote you of the imposing obstacles in the way of his acquittal. Fully half of these vanished when it was found that General Mercier had no new proofs—nothing new to tell. The friends of Dreyfus garnered new hope from the unconscious behavior of the court itself when General Mercier was testifying. The courage of Dreyfus in bearding his adversary, his confidence, and the cry that seemed to come from his heart impressed a myriad French minds. And now these have the needless attack upon Maître Labori upon which to ponder.

JULIAN RALPH.



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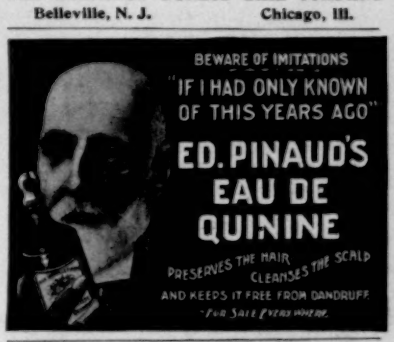
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